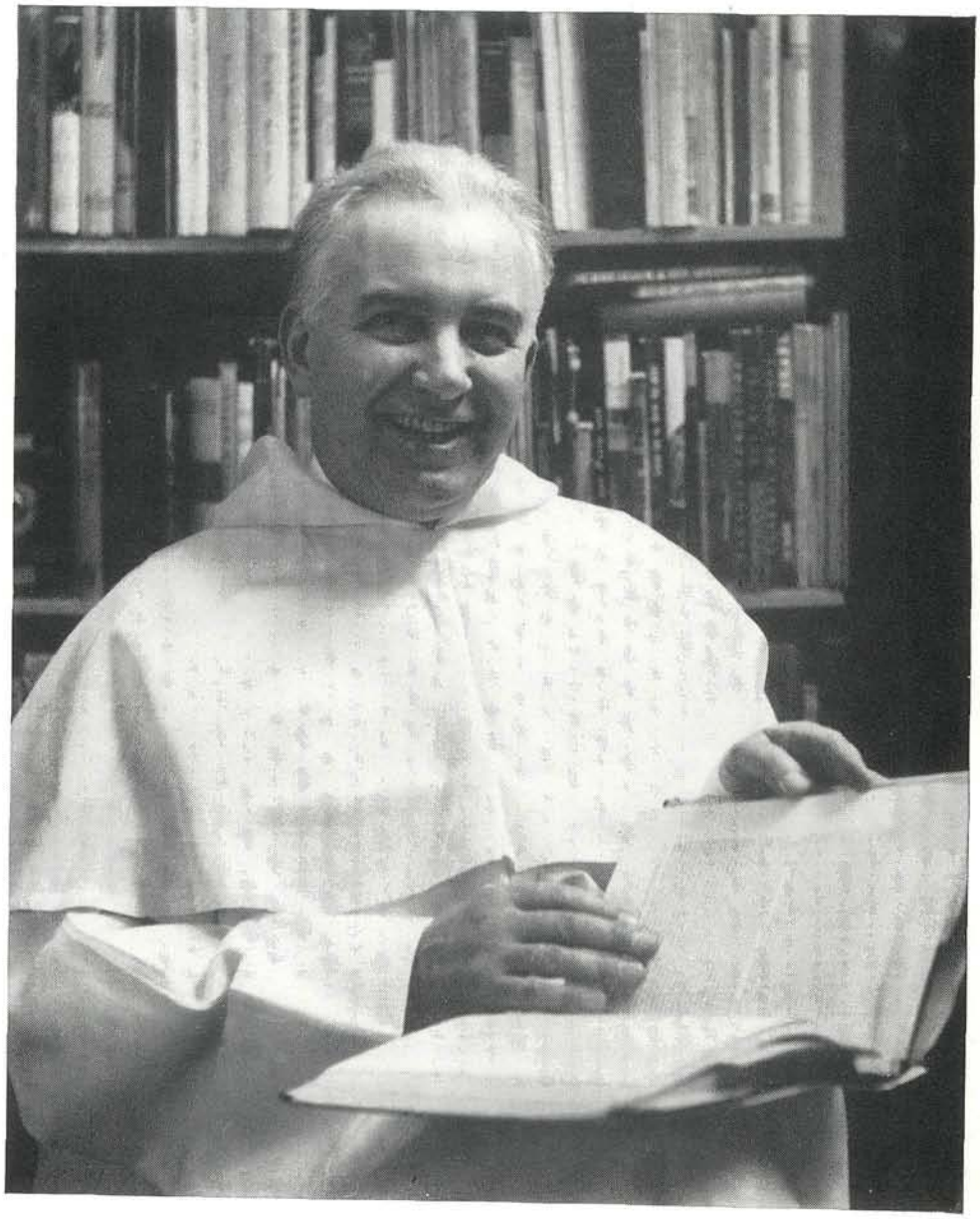
Saturday Review

JULY 11, 1959 / 25¢

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.



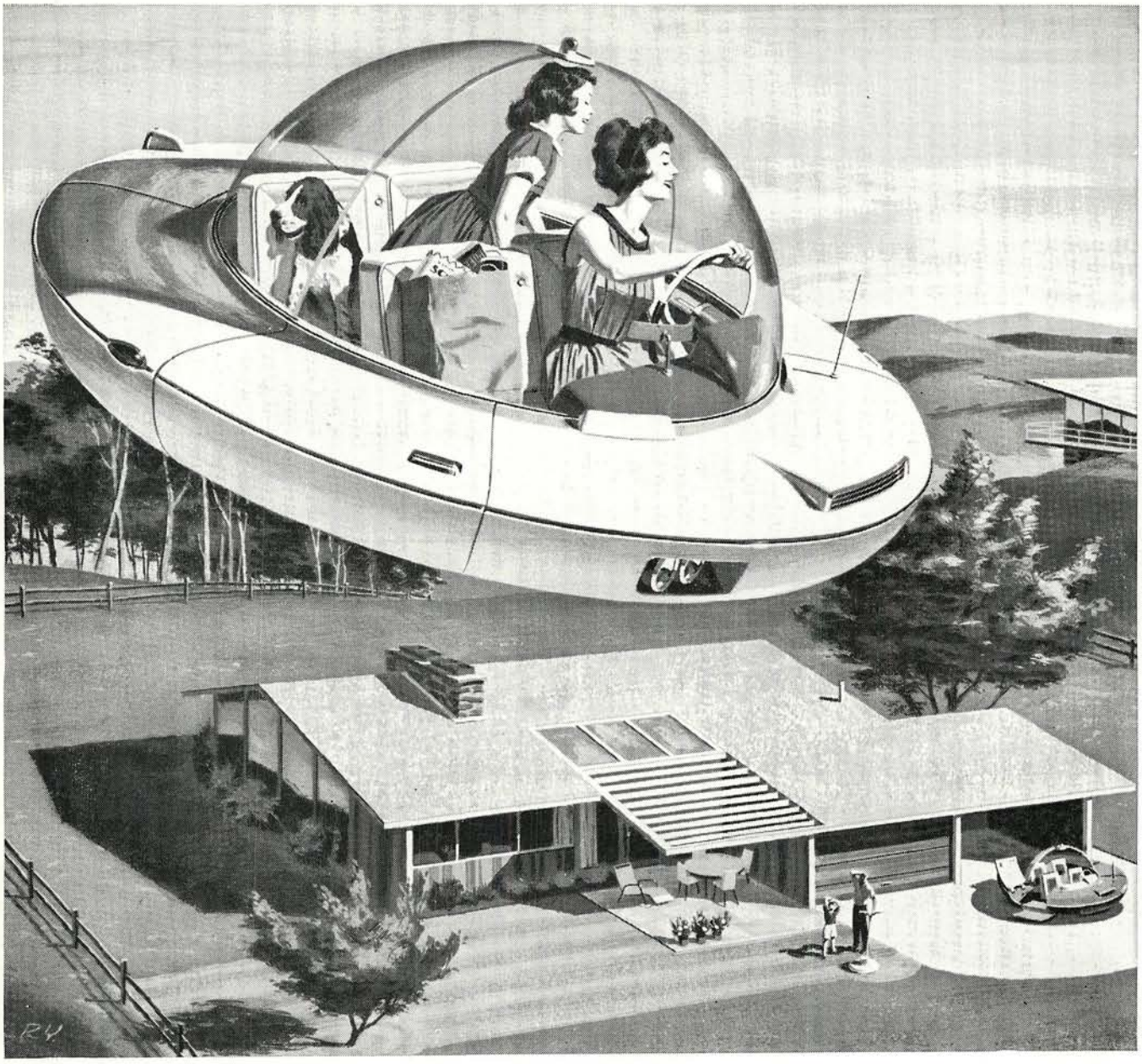
R. L. Bruckberger, author of "Image of America" (SEE LITERARY HORIZONS)

THE HEARST-LUCE-HILL STEREOTYPE by John M. Harrison

MR. PREMINGER'S DAY IN COURT by Arthur Knight

UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
339 PROSPECT ST
EAST ORANGE N J

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



YOUR PERSONAL "FLYING CARPET" Step into it, press a button, and off you go to market, to a friend's home, or to your job. Take off and land anywhere; no parking problems. Plug in to any electric outlet for recharging. They're working on it!

MORE POWER TO YOU!

America's independent light and power companies build for your new electric living

Tomorrow's higher standard of living will put electricity to work for you in ways still unheard of!

The time isn't too far off, the experts say, when you'll wash your dishes without soap or water—ultrasonic waves will do the job. Your beds will be made at the touch of a button. The kids' homework will be made interesting and even exciting when they are able to dial a library book, a lecture or a classroom demonstration right into your home—with sound. (Some of this is happening already.)

To enjoy all this, you'll want a lot more electric power, and the independent electric companies of America are already building new plants and facilities to provide it. Right now these companies are building at the rate of $5,000,000,000 a year, and planning to double the nation's supply of electricity in less than 10 years.

America has always had the best electric power service in the world. And the independent electric companies are resolved to keep it that way.

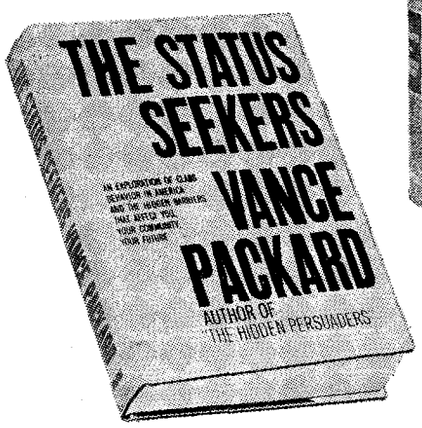
AMERICA'S INDEPENDENT ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES

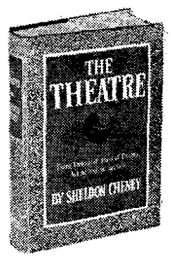
Company names on request through this magazine

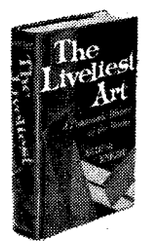
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

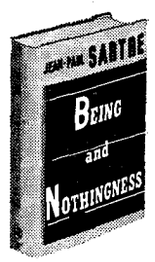
Exclusive* *with the* Marboro Book Club

You can have any 3 of the books shown for only $3.75 with membership









One of the most talked-about books of the year!

By exclusive arrangement with the publishers, this important and provocative new book by the author of THE HIDDEN PERSUADERS has been named a Selection of the Marboro Book Club.

"A GREAT BOOK"

"Comic genius. Nabokov has few equals in the handling of the English language." —*Atlantic Monthly.* "A fine book, a distinguished book—all right, then—a great book." —*Dorothy Parker, Esquire.*

Choose from THE STATUS SEEKERS—LOLITA—THE GREEK EXPERIENCE—and nine other important books as your introduction to membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB.

Class has long been a dirty word in America. Surveys have shown it to be an aspect of life than can even embarrass a psychoanalyst. Yet today one of America's great bestsellers is a book about class distinctions, class barriers, and class behavior—THE STATUS SEEKERS. Open it to any page and you'll see why.

By turns witty, sobering, and challenging, THE STATUS SEEKERS records the transformation of America from the fabled land of "classless" equality into a society of five distinct classes—separated by increasingly rigid barriers that cut across our business life, our religious life, and even our sexual life. It announces the arrival of a perverse Utopia that nobody ever planned...where there is luxury for all but advancement for very few...and where millions denied the satisfaction of real achievement are busy consoling themselves with the ceaseless acquisition of artificial symbols of status.

Writing with the unblinking realism of an anthropologist reporting the ritual symbols of some Pacific island (and armed with the findings of experts as diverse as Dr. Kinsey and C. Wright Mills), the author has produced an idol-smashing book that is taking America by storm.

Anyone who has read THE STATUS SEEKERS will tell you it is worth every penny of its $4.50 bookstore price. To demonstrate the values that discerning readers can expect from the MARBORO BOOK CLUB, we offer you any 3 books on this page (including THE STATUS SEEKERS, if you wish) for considerably less than you would otherwise pay for THE STATUS SEEKERS alone.

THE MARBORO BOOK CLUB pools your buying power with that of others who share *your* tastes, and saves you an average of 50% on the self-same books you would otherwise purchase at full price. With each four selections (or alternates) accepted at Special Members' Prices, you receive a superlative bonus volume of your choice at no additional charge.

Reach for a pencil right now and check off any three of the books shown. They're yours for only $3.75 with an introductory membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB. That's a saving of as much as $22.25 on regular bookstore prices. Mail the application form today, while this exclusive offer lasts.

Choose any 3 of these books for $3.75 with Introductory Membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB! Mail your application today.

☐ **THE STATUS SEEKERS.** By Vance Packard, author of **The Hidden Persuaders.** An eye-opening exploration of class behavior in America, and the hidden barriers that affect you and your future. *List Price $4.50*

☐ **LOLITA.** By Vladimir Nabokov. One of the most hotly-discussed books since the sensational controversy over **Ulysses.** Its subject matter has made the world gasp. The brilliance of its writing has made the world's critics cheer. *List Price $5.00.*

☐ **BEING AND NOTHINGNESS.** By Jean-Paul Sartre. Sartre's Philosophy of Being, including his views on social relations, his doctrine of freedom, and existential psychoanalysis. 635 pages. *List Price $10.00.*

☐ **MORE LIGHT ON THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS.** By Millar Burrows. New scrolls and new interpretations, with translations of important recent discoveries. "There is no book of greater range and competence in the vast literature of the Dead Sea Scrolls."—**Saturday Review.** *List Price $6.50.*

☐ **GREAT COMPANIONS.** By Max Eastman. Brilliant, irreverent, and awesomely personal memoirs of Eastman's friendships and feuds with 12 of the greatest people of our time, from Freud and Einstein to Hemingway, Trotsky, Chaplin, Casals, John Dewey, and Bertrand Russell. *List Price $4.75*

☐ **MADISON AVENUE, U.S.A.** By Martin Mayer. One of the great bestsellers of the year—and no wonder! Never before has any book revealed so fully and frankly the inner workings of the advertising business. *List Price $4.95*

☐ **BORSTAL BOY.** By Brendan Behan. The literary sensation of 1959. "Brilliant, lewd, riotous...a stupendous gift of language, exuberant, ungoverned, and indeed ungovernable. Altogether moving and memorable." —**London Times.** *List Price $4.50.*

☐ **THE LIVELIEST ART.** By Arthur Knight. A panoramic history of the Motion Picture as an art form—from Melies and Griffith and Eisenstein to Rasho-mon, Rossellini, and Mike Todd. With photographs. *List Price $7.50.*

☐ **FREUD: THE MIND OF THE MORALIST.** By Philip Rieff. A revelation of Freud's thought on human morality—from sexual ethics to religion. "One of the astonishingly few books to respond seriously to the intellectual and moral implications of psychoanalysis." — **Lionel Trilling.** 400 pages. *List Price $6.00.*

☐ **THE GREEK EXPERIENCE.** By Sir Maurice Bowra. An almost incredibly brilliant summing-up of the whole achievement of Greek civilization, with 64 full pages of rare photographs. The London Spectator calls it "A masterpiece"—and it is. *List Price $6.00.*

☐ **OF LOVE AND LUST.** By Theodor Reik. Freud's most famous pupil analyzes the hidden nature of masculinity and femininity, normal and perverse, in romantic love, in marriage, parenthood, bachelorhood, and spinsterhood. *List Price $7.50*

☐ **THE THEATRE.** By Sheldon Cheney. 3,000 years of the drama, sacred and profane, from the rituals of Dionysus to the present. New enlarged edition. The most complete one-volume history of the stage. 278 illus. 600 pp. *List Price $8.50.*

MARBORO BOOK CLUB
131 Varick Street, New York 13, N. Y.

You may enroll me as a new member of the Marboro Book Club. Please send me the THREE books checked at the left at only $3.75 plus shipping for all three. Forthcoming selections and alternates will be described to me in a Monthly Advance Bulletin and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. I agree to buy as few as four additional books (or alternates) at the reduced Members' Price during the next twelve months; and I may resign at any time thereafter. I will receive a free BONUS BOOK for every four additional books I accept.

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

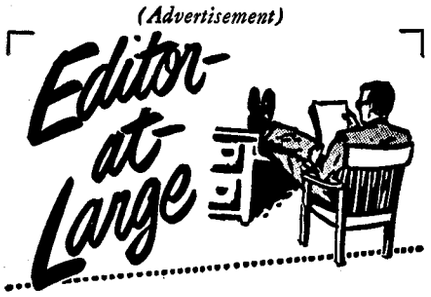
CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

MS-479

GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied with this SPECIAL OFFER, you may return the books within 7 days and your membership will be cancelled.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Advertisement)



It's customary when referring to *Time* magazine to be oblique. ("A weekly news magazine . . ." etc.) It's time we spoke plainly about *Time*, and today, good readers, I mean to.

Time is one of the three or four most influential book review mediums, especially in its impact on sales. This is because it has high critical standards, a large circulation, and because it's well-written. I like the book section. *There!* That takes little courage.

What bothers me are their "Best Seller Revisited" pieces. In these, they review (usually by dealing them a body blow) best sellers that they did not review before. I'd like to crib part of their idea and ask you to look into a book that is a best seller, and a wonderful, funny, tragic, lyric book to boot.

It is "The Rape of the Fair Country." Don't be put off by the title. As violent as the first third of its title, it is also as peaceful, warm, and idyllic as the last third. There's little point in sketching the plot: it takes place, with riots and love, in a Welsh mining village. But as in all fine books, the people, not the plot, are the elements of importance.

Let's leave it this way—Alexander Cordell's novel is a best seller. It deserves your special attention. But because best sellerdom sometimes puts off nearly as many people as it attracts (including *Time* reviewers), I want to suggest that you will be the poorer if you miss this book simply because it sells.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Rape of the Fair Country" ($3.95), by Alexander Cordell, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller, or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located in the Penobscot Building, Detroit 26, Michigan.

Saturday Review

JULY 11, 1959

Cover Photograph: Peter Pollack

SR/IDEAS

9 The Hearst-Luce-Hill Stereotype, by John M. Harrison
22 A Philosophical Issue for 1960: An Editorial, by John Lear

SR/BOOKS

12 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Image of America"; Father Bruckberger sketched by C. D. Jackson
13 The Economics of Freedom, by Massimo Salvadori
14 The Economic Mind in American Civilization 1918-1933, by Joseph Dorfman
15 The Roosevelt Revolution, by Mario Einaudi
16 The Bridge on the Drina, by Ivo Andrić. Bitter Harvest, edited by Edmund Stillman
17 Mark of Shame, by Willi Heinrich
19 Sarajevo, by Joachim Remak
20 1914, by James Cameron
21 Kings Without Thrones, by Geoffrey Bocca. A Rockefeller Family Portrait, by William Manchester
30 Theory of Psychoanalytic Technique, by Karl Menninger. Psychoanalysis, Scientific Method, and Philosophy, edited by Sidney Hook; Neurotic Distortion of the Creative Process, by Lawrence S. Kubie
32 Yes, Mrs. Williams, by William Carlos Williams

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 Trade Winds
18 Literary I.Q.
19 Literary Crypt
23 Letters to the Editor
24 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Arthur Knight applauds Preminger's "Anatomy of a Murder."
25 TV and Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon comments on U.S. favoring Kremlin kiddies.
26 Broadway Postscript: Henry Hewes reviews Greek Festival.
27 Booked for Travel: The First Rise of Summer, by Horace Sutton
37 Music to My Ears: Irving Kolodin hears Callas in London.
38 Mid-Month Recordings
43 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1320

The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garnise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLII, No. 28, July 11, 1959. Second Class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

© 1959 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.

do you respect yourself?

Are you doing the things you really want to be doing . . . or are you rationalizing your guilt feelings?

Intellectually, for instance . . .

Are you one of the many who has felt you'd like to refresh, renew, or broaden the frame of reference you began forming in college?

Well, here's another chance to do what you really want to do! . . . to renew the satisfying habit of intellectual self-improvement.

Study at home with the
UNIVERSITY of CHICAGO

Do as over a hundred thousand mature men and women in the last 65 years have done . . . enjoy a conversation-by-mail with a University instructor . . . in any of 150 courses for *adults* in Archeology, Creative Writing, Human Relations, Mathematics, World Affairs, Semantics, and other fields.

For full information, write for the Home-Study Announcements; no obligation, of course.

The Home-Study Dept.
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
Box SR-79 Chicago 37, Illinois

"BEST DAMN MUSICAL I'VE SEEN IN YEARS!"
—WALTER KERR, N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

ETHEL
MERMAN
in
GYPSY

MAIL ORDERS: Evgs. Mon. thru Thurs. $8.60, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.80, 2.90. Fri. and Sat. Evgs.: $9.40, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.80, 2.90. Wed. Mat.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.80, 3.00, 2.50. Sat. Mat.: $5.40, 4.80, 4.30, 3.80, 3.00, 2.50. (Tax Incl.).
BROADWAY THEATRE, 1681 B'way, N. Y. 19

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tonight he'll KNOW

That special point which so absorbs him now—by tonight it will be his.

But tomorrow he will move on to the next point, the next topic, the next chapter.

And a week from now, a year from now, in the same subject, or in another, he will face new frontiers of KNOWING.

So it is with knowing the news. Today's news is only the beginning of tomorrow's news, this week's news only the first chapter of next week's.

For knowing the news, like *all* knowing, never ends. Each day mankind makes more news, has new triumphs and trials, crosses new horizons, faces new crises.

And all of this news matters to intelligent people, responsible people, successful people.

It was exactly for people like these that TIME was invented.

It is to people like these that TIME has become a lifelong weekly habit, just as their favorite morning newspaper is a lifelong daily habit.

Read TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

KNOX BURGER IS NOW editor of Gold Medal Books, which he promises us will offer variety, surprises, and diversification. To his office he recently lured Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., friend, satirist, playwright, novelist, and short story writer. They discussed the future. When Vonnegut departed he left behind his sports shirt, which he received in the mail the next day with this message from Burger:

"I'm awfully sorry to have to return this shirt. Personally, I enjoyed it, but I just don't think it's for our market, and it isn't quite what I had in mind when I told you I planned to diversify the Gold Medal line.

"I kept feeling, too, that the motivation for the black stripes is so subtle and hidden as to be missed by the average reader. And even if it were right for us in other respects, the short sleeves, it seemed to me, make it automatically more suitable to a hardback editor than to paperback. I enjoyed the over-all style, the sort of loose, evocative quality, the general *texture,* you might say—but production costs will be a problem to any publisher.

"I hope this letter doesn't discourage you from sending in something else—something with bolder pattern and longer sleeves. Incidentally, if you submit this one elsewhere, for goodness' sake change the title. 'Bob's Sport Shop, Osterville' just won't do. Best, Knox."

IN HIS NEW BOOK, "The Dragon's Seed" (St. Martin's), Robert S. Elegant draws a fascinating, frightening picture of the expatriated Chinese in Southeast Asia and how they are becoming strongly pro-Communist, through fear, inertia, ignorance, or desire. In his discussion of art as a weapon, he shows how the Chinese Reds have turned such forms as literature and motion pictures into deadly weapons for their cause.

Now, for instance, they are going through a stage where the writers are trying for volume. One old fellow says, "All our efforts should be concentrated on bringing about an improvement in quality through quantitative production." He promised to complete two historical volumes, each several tens of thousands of words longer than anything he has done before, as well as to finish a short novel on the struggle of overseas Chinese against colonial oppression.

Poets are asked by Peking to write prose in addition to their usual output. And, according to instructions, "those who have never tried poems should make an attempt to write a few." People who haven't written song lyrics are urged to do so. "People are eagerly awaiting new songs," says Mao Tse-tung, "about the current leap-forward movement."

I DON'T WISH TO be in a position where I am laughing at the Chinese the way, let's say, Braddock laughed at the Indians. But I can laugh at their songwriting ability. Sample titles of new mass-produced folk songs:

"Surpass England Industrially in Fifteen Years."

"Mama Wants Me to Go to the Countryside to Assist in Building Up the Nation's Agricultural Production." Try humming that one.

Mr. Elegant also reports that the most popular play in China in the summer of 1958 was entitled "Do Not Spit at Random." The title is definitive. The skit has been performed on every street corner in the land, and has had an enviable effect. No one spits at random in China any more.

HERE ARE SOME more Miriamisms—offbeat remarks that Jon Cornin writes down when Miriam makes them:

"He's got a lot on the 8-ball."

"Listen to the jackpot calling the kettle black."

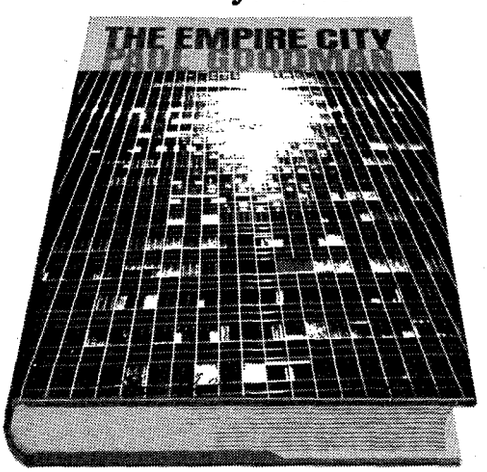
"It was a choral group—mostly madrigals and padrigals."

Having nothing better to do, Jon also notes that Webster's New World Dictionary lists Jeffries, Willard, Dempsey and Louis, but not Tunney or Marciano. But American College Dictionary doesn't list anybody but Joe Louis!

THE TWO BIGGEST money makers 20th Century-Fox produced last year were "Peyton Place" and "The Fly." They are now hard at work on "Return to Peyton Place" and "Return of the Fly." (No jokes, please, about "Son of Peyton Place" and "Peyton Place Meets the Fly.")

That charming, erudite man, Vincent Price, was in "The Fly," and is in its "Return," just as he was and is in almost every successful horror film. There was "House of Wax," "House on Haunted Hill," and he has

This novel has such astonishing originality and impact that the critics are digging for adjectives



THE EMPIRE CITY
By Paul Goodman
618 pages • $6.95

"This vast work, which has no precise literary parallels, is a witty, exasperating, thoughtful, fantastic hymn to New York City and the destructiveness of modern life."
—ROBERT GORHAM DAVIS, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

"Like *Candide* with a zip gun."—*TIME*

"An impressive piece of fiction . . . informed by intelligence, wit, and erudition . . . as alive as Joyce's Dublin or Proust's Paris."
—JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate*

"Wonderfully charming, comic, informing, crackpot, erotic. Has more low-life reveries than any beatnik ever dreamed of . . . Paul Goodman's intentions are those of Rabelais."
—JOHN THOMPSON, *The Reporter*

"What it calls for is not a reviewer, but, like *Finnegan's Wake,* a battalion of scholars."
—GRANVILLE HICKS, *Saturday Review*

If you can't visit or phone your bookseller, order direct giving his name
BOBBS-MERRILL - INDIANAPOLIS 6, INDIANA
AN ASSOCIATE OF HOWARD W. SAMS & CO., INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just finished "The Bat" and will soon go to work in "The Tingler." When he is not being horrible he spends his time lecturing on art and working on his book entitled "I Like What I Know," which will be published in the fall.

SOME FELLOWS WRITE so much that they have to think up pseudonyms or people get suspicious or tired. Perhaps Leonard Patrick O'Connor Wibberly is one of them. He has turned out a few dozen books, the children's books under Leonard Wibberly and Patrick O'Connor, and the adults (such as "Take Me to Your President") under Leonard Wibberly.

This bearded Irishman sold his house in California last year and, on pure impulse, transported his wife, four children, bulldog, and car to

Portugal. His latest entertaining book, "No Garlic in the Soup!" (Washburn), tells what happened to them. Such as: she had her fifth child there; the car (Rover) was dropped at dockside and smashed; they ate a raw turkey for Thanksgiving; and, of course, there was always garlic in the Portuguese soup.

The Wibberly family finally returned to the States. He tells me:

"No, they didn't drop Rover on the dock again. I drove it from Lisbon to Los Angeles by way of Calais, Wales, and Ireland. Got it all the way to Los Angeles without a scratch. Then I parked it outside Bob Nathan's house there and I'd hardly shut the door when there was a terrific crash. We both dashed outside (Bob carrying a piece of string that he had picked up on a nervous intuition) and found that someone had zoomed around a corner and crashed into poor old Rover doing some $250 worth of damage. We knew we were back in the United States, because the United States is the place where cars get wrecked even if they are not being driven."

WIBBERLY FEELS the trip was worth it if only that it cured the kids of looking at television. There were no sets in Portugal, and none where they went in England or Ireland. When they got to a hotel room in New York there was a TV but for three days the kids didn't notice it. Then one evening they remembered it and Kevin turned it on. It was, Wibberly says, that pro-

ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL SCIENCE: NO. 1

"The proper study of mankind is man," said Geoffrey Chaucer in his immortal *Casey At the Bat*, and I couldn't agree more. In these tangled times it is particularly proper to study man—how he lives and works. Accordingly, this column, normally devoted to slapdash waggery, will from time to time turn a serious eye on the social sciences.

In making these occasional departures, I have the hearty approval of the makers of Philip Morris Cigarettes, whose interest is not only in providing young Americans with fine cigarettes, matchlessly blended of vintage tobaccos, grown with loving care and harvested with tender mercy, then cured with compassionate patience and rolled into firm tasty cylinders and brought to you in long size or regular, in soft pack or flip-top box, at prices which wreak no havoc on the most stringent of budgets, but who are equally concerned with broadening the minds and extending the intellectual vistas of every college man and woman!

I, for one, am not unmoved by this great-heartedness, and though I know it is considered chic these days to disparage one's employers, I shall not. Indeed, I shall cry "Huzzah!" for the makers of Philip Morris. I shall cry "Huzzah!" and "Viva!" and "Olé!" and "Ochichoonya!"

But I digress. For our first lesson in social science, let us turn to economics, often called the queen of the social sciences. (Sociology is the king of the social sciences. Advertising is the jack.)

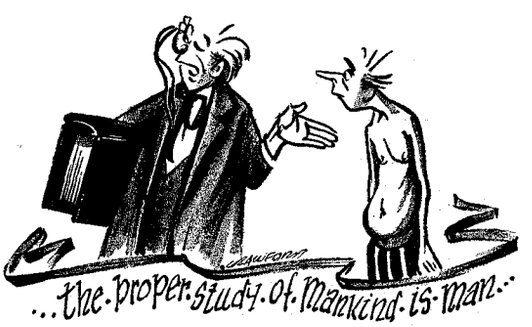
Economics breaks down into two broad general classifications: 1) coins; 2) folding money. But before taking up these technical aspects, let us survey briefly the history of economics.

Economics was discovered by the Englishman, Adam Smith. He published his findings in 1786, but everybody giggled so hard that Smith, blushing hotly, gave up the whole thing and went into the cough drop business with his brother.

For long years after that economics lay neglected while the world busied itself with other things, like the birth of Victor Hugo, the last days of Pompeii, and the Bunny Hug.

Then one day while flying a kite during a thunderstorm, the American, Henry George (also called Thorstein Veblen), discovered the law of diminishing returns, and then, boy, the fat was in the fire! Before you could say "knife" the Industrial Revolution was on! Mechanization and steam power resulted in prodigies of production. For example, before the Industrial Revolution, a Welsh artisan, named Dylan Sigafoos, used to make horseshoes by hand at the rate of four a day. After the Industrial Revolution, with the aid of a steam engine, Sigafoos was able to make entire horses!

And so it went—factories rising from



the plains, cities burgeoning around the factories, transport and commerce keeping pace—until today, thanks to economics, we have smog, recessions, and economics textbooks at $7.50 per copy.

© 1958 Max Shulman

• • •

The makers of Philip Morris are no economists, but they do understand supply and demand. Some people demand filter cigarettes, so they supply the finest—Marlboro, of course! Great flavor, improved filter—a lot to like!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

14,500 SMITHS
6600 BROWNS
4900 JONESES

are among the 1,625,000 share owners of A. T. & T. They are men and women in all walks of life in 22,000 communities throughout the land.

THE POSTMAN RINGS 1,625,000 TIMES with A. T. & T. dividend checks. **Women are the largest group of share owners and own the most stock.... In addition to direct owners of A. T. & T. securities, millions of other people have an important interest through the holdings of their insurance companies, pension funds, mutual funds, unions, savings banks, etc.**

When the postmen of this country set forth with mail for the owners of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company they visit a tremendous number of homes. The quarterly dividend, for instance, is delivered to more than 1,625,000 share owners.

Dividends are important to the Smiths and the Browns and the Joneses and all the other A.T.&T. share owners. They are important to telephone users too.

Without dividends on stock and interest on bonds there would be no investors. And without investors there would be no telephone service as you know it today. The money they entrust to us goes into more and better service for you.

The distribution of the A.T.&T. dividend to so many people in 22,000 communities is in itself a factor in the over-all economy of the country. Yet the total, though considerable, is small compared to other sums that flow out from the business.

Last year, for example, the Bell System paid more than twice as much in taxes as it paid A. T. & T. share owners in dividends. It thus provided nearly a billion and a half dollars for the support of city, state and federal governments.

Wages, of course, are the biggest item. In the Bell System they are billions of dollars more than the entire net income of the business. In 1958 Bell System wages totaled over $3,700,000,000 ... the nation's largest business payroll.

Thousands of other jobs in other companies were made possible by our large purchases from outside sources.

Last year the Bell System's manufacturing and supply unit, the Western Electric Company, bought from more than 30,000 firms throughout the country. Nine out of ten were small businesses, each with fewer than 500 employees. This year again we expect to buy over a billion dollars worth of raw materials, parts and services from other companies.

It is natural and logical to expect big figures in a business that serves more than 55,000,000 telephones and handles over 200,000,000 calls a day.

The important thing is to relate the size of the figures to the size of the need and the job. And to realize how the very size of the business contributes to the prosperity of millions of people and the economy of the whole country.

It is an example of free enterprise at work for the good of all.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

gram where the dog keeps rescuing the United States Cavalry from Indians. The kids watched it for a moment and then Christopher said:

"Gee, they were showing that when we left Los Angeles." They've never taken to television again, their father reports.

In his book about Portugal, Wibberly tells about how Christopher was writing to his friends back home. "At five, he could produce only a few ill-formed letters, quite as beautiful to him as a poem by Herrick would be to me. When he had covered a page with such writing, he announced that his letter was finished.

"'Is it a good letter?' I asked.

"'Yes. But it's not very long.'

"'What does it say?'

"'I don't know,' said Christopher. 'All I did was write it.'"

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: One player in a Little League game I watched had two runs batted in and scored six runs himself, but he didn't have a single hit.

► So many big league baseball players are smoking in the commercials that I wonder why they don't light up during the game itself, when it is really important.

► In a recent controversy between New York's Park Commissioner Robert Moses and Joseph Papp, who wanted to produce free Shakespeare in Central Park, the newspaper headline writers went whole hog *ad nauseam*. "Papp Miscast Him, Moses Complains." Or "Much Ado About Nothing, Judge Rules." Or "To Play or Not to Play, That Is the Question, Mayor Says." Oh, it was horrible, and it went on for weeks. I headlined it: "Gorge Rises."

► A loyal reader informs me that Eskimos eat blubbery pie.

► If you want a person to look at your ears, just say, "I need a haircut."

► A beatnik is someone on the bottom looking down.

► Why does a person who dials the wrong number get mad at you when you answer your telephone?

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1319)

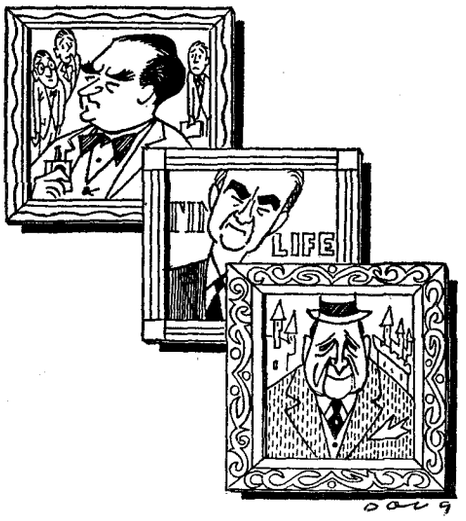
SINCLAIR—MCARTHUR:
THEY SIGNED (FOR US)

Curious, then, is the fact that most of us freedom-blest Americans cannot name half a dozen of the fifty-six patriots who signed the Declaration in Philadelphia that eventful summer of Seventeen Seventy-six. How many Signers can you name?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review
JULY 11, 1959

THE HEARST-LUCE-HILL STEREOTYPE



John M. Harrison has been connected with the communications industry for approximately twenty-three years: first with his father's small-town weekly in Oakland, Iowa, and later as an associate editor of The Toledo Blade. *At present, he is the publisher of Student Publications and a teacher of editorial writing at the School of Journalism, State University of Iowa, and also editor of* The Iowa Publisher, *a monthly magazine devoted to problems of the press. In the following article, which is another in* SR's *continuing series on the communications field, Mr. Harrison charts the trend in literature that constantly serves up thinly disguised stereotypes of three titans of the mass media.*

By JOHN M. HARRISON

UP TO 1910—maybe even later—the newspaperman in literature was almost sure to be one of three familiar stereotypes.

At the top of the scale of respectability, he was likely to be the dashing war correspondent—a type most easily recognized in the person of Richard Harding Davis. Mr. Davis embellished this picture in the public mind by writing a series of novels about battle reporters even braver and more dashing than the original.

Or the stereotype might take the shape of that somehow admirable renegade, the tramp newspaperman, who achieved a considerable measure of status and respect of a Saroyanish sort. This despite his mobility and his capacity for liquor, qualities not universally admired in a society that set a high premium on keeping one's nose to the grindstone and on abstinence from spirituous liquors.

In the least admirable representation, this earlier newspaper stereotype emerged as the hard-drinking, profane, iconoclastic city editor of Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's "The Front Page." This probably was the most familiar newspaper figure of all, subject to minor variations in the angle at which his cigarette dangled from the corner of his mouth, or the degree at which his hat was slouched on the back of his head.

How representative of practising newspapermen of the era these stereotypes were has been a subject of considerable argument. They were not atypical. Such men did exist, and were to be seen in newspaper offices. As types and individuals, they had influence. Both the war correspondent and newspaper-tramp stereotypes played a part in attracting so consequential a figure in American journalism as Harold Ross of *The New Yorker* to the newspaper business. And Ross managed to enhance the concept of newspaper tramp considerably before settling down to producing his own magazine.

Remarkably, in view of the transformation brought about with respect to these stereotypes more recently, there seems to have been no clear public image of the newspaper publisher and editor. There is little in the literature of the times about Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, Charles A. Dana, and others who left their imprint on American journalism. Fictional representations of these men, or other newspaper executives of the period, are almost unknown.

What has happened to stereotypes in literature dealing with newspapers and other agencies of communication now generally grouped as the mass media is, then, the more remarkable. In this literature, whether fiction or nonfiction, there is little concern with the reporter and his counterpart in radio, television, and magazines. Writers of this later era almost invariably are concerned with top-level operatives—publishers, editors, agency senior partners.

Especially fascinating to these authors have been stereotypical figures—sometimes plainly identified, sometimes thinly disguised—representing three men whose names bulk large in recent history of the mass media. They are William Randolph Hearst, Henry Robinson Luce, and George Washington Hill.

1. Several influences probably contribute to the picture most Americans have of newspapers and newspapermen today. Central among them—especially among those who know relatively little about how newspa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pers operate—is the figure of William Randolph Hearst.

This is not surprising. Hearst fired the imaginations of Americans, especially those Americans who became aware of the mounting importance of the mass media in the nation's life. His sensationalism excited strong reactions—admiration in some, disgust in many more. His building of the best known of newspaper chains made him a quickly recognizable symbol of bigness in an area where size and monopoly had special implications. His flamboyant personal habits—especially his obsession with collecting property and art objects—enhanced the impression of power and empire-building, which already may have been greater than the facts warranted.

Of the literature about Hearst that has contributed to the growth of this stereotype the most significant volume is Ferdinand Lundberg's angry, indignant "Imperial Hearst," subtitled "a social biography," and dedicated "to Heywood Broun and the American Newspaper Guild." Its tone is foreshadowed in a bitterly critical introduction by the historian, Professor Charles A. Beard. Dr. Beard, exuding large quantities of the academician's traditional distrust and dislike of almost all newspapers, brings in a coldly contemptuous indictment of Hearst before Lundberg has begun taking him apart:

"Summarily," Beard asks, "what is this judgment of contemporaries in no way fearing or beholden to William Randolph Hearst? It is that Hearst, despite all the uproar he has made and all the power he wields, is a colossal failure and now holds in his hands the dust and ashes of defeat. He will depart loved by few and respected by none whose respect is worthy of respect. When the cold sneer of command at last fades from his face, none will be proud to do honor to his memory."

As it turned out, quite a few did find it in their hearts to acknowledge certain contributions Hearst made to American journalism—among them the eminently respectable *New York Times* and *New York Herald Tribune,* both of which wrote with some warmth and respect of his part in the history of newspapers. This was, of course, more than a decade later, after Hearst's empire had begun to crumble. Also, it was after his death. Perhaps, by that time, even Dr. Beard's judgment would have been softened. For he and Hearst had found themselves in the same camp with respect to U. S. participation in World War II. And, in death, they have gone down together as leaders of the isolationist movement in the U. S.

William Randolph Hearst

There is nothing in Lundberg's pages to soften this harsh evaluation of Hearst. He is pictured as a young man "not primarily after money: he was after power, and money was indispensable to the attainment of it." He is described as "a political boss and international imperialist behind the scenes." He is represented as "the keystone of American fascism, the integrating point in a structure around which political reaction is attempting to develop a movement which, if it succeeds, will tragically dupe America."

When, in Lundberg's study, Hearst shows any human qualities, it is to appear outlandish and ridiculous. Typical is the description of his part in chasing the Spanish fleet when it emerged from the harbor at Havana in the closing stages of the Spanish-American War in a futile attempt to escape, ending in a report by Hearst's New York *Journal* of "an historic battle *led by the Hearst yacht.*" (Italics Lundberg's.)

It is the Lundberg picture, at once menacing and foolish, which has become established as a prevailing newspaper stereotype. Oliver Carlson and Ernest Sutherland Bates, in "Hearst, Lord of San Simeon," describe him as "a religious fanatic without religion, or rather, he is, quite simply, a Hearst fanatic," adding that "once this is understood, the man becomes comprehensible."

Even in the rare studies of Hearst that are friendlier, such as John Tebbel's "The Life and Good Times of William Randolph Hearst," there is a predominance of incident that adds to this Nero-like Hearstian stereotype in the public mind. Tebbel, whose accounting of Hearst's several castles and their contents is first-rate reporting, crystallizes this concept of empire and emperor expertly:

"It was difficult to remember sometimes that it *was* a free country at San Simeon, so completely was it dominated by Hearst's powerful personality, by his prejudices and whims. This was accentuated at Wyntoon, a far more isolated spot. It was here that Hearst uttered on his seventy-second birthday the much quoted lament, 'At my time of life, you just sit here and people bring you final decisions to make.' "

As striking a figure as he was, and as understandably fascinating to students of newspapers in particular and of the twentieth-century American economic, social, and political patterns generally, Hearst did not represent the prevailing pattern in American journalism even at the height of his power. Today he is still less representative. To the extent that public attention is monopolized by trends that Hearst may be said to represent, the stereotype created from the material of his life is misleading and harmful to understanding newspaper problems today. Sensationalism, chain ownership of big-circulation newspapers, publishers with flamboyant tastes and a megalomaniac urge for power—all these are relatively minor problems. They steal attention from dullness, uniformity of opinion, and a growing stress on business methods and business viewpoint which represent really serious causes of concern about the press in the United States today.

2. No figure in literature dealing with the mass media in recent years has been so compelling as that of Henry R. Luce. He has become the personification of the techniques of the "news" magazine, which discovered that it is no longer enough to report the news and turned to enriching its formula with liberal helpings of interpretation.

Whether they appear as Louis Baron and *Beacon* (in Charles Wertenbaker's "The Death of Kings"), or as Ed Masterson and *Present Day* (in John Brooks's "The Big Wheel"), Henry Luce and *Time* have become somewhat of a joint and indivisible literary stereotype.

The following two concepts appear over and over again in the literature which creates, or recreates, the world of Henry Luce and of *Time.*

1) The "slant" written into "news" reports in these publications, either by writers or editors.
2) The obsession of the man at the top with exerting power through manipulating public opinion.

Thus, one of the sub-editors on *Present Day,* instructing the neophyte hero concerning the treatment given his first story and its relation to what is expected of him as a writer for the magazine:

"He chuckled and ran his hand

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Henry R. Luce

through his hair. . . . 'That's not rewriting. You ought to see a *Present Day* story after it's really been rewritten. This is no learned journal. Nobody's words are sacred, everybody goes under the pencil here, Dick. I'll tell you why. We have to have things a certain way. You know what I mean, Dick? *A certain way*?' "

Or the soliloquy of one of the just-below-the-top staff members on *Beacon*:

"It struck Berkeley that anybody who thought of contemporary journalism in terms of McCormick and Hearst would find it unbelievable that Louis Baron should even want to be his own editor, much less hesitate to take the title. He owned *Beacon*, or three-fourths of it; why didn't he hire a subservient editor and give orders from his tower? But the difference between the news magazine and the newspaper was precisely what prevented that. Tom Slaughter's punctilious separation of fact and opinion had yielded, under Louis's suasions, to Tom's zeal to capture new readers; with the dropping of the paragraph labeled 'Opinion' at the end of each news story, opinion had become intertwined with fact. Every story had its 'slant.' Like the other news magazines, *Beacon* applied an old principle of journalism, lost sight of during the ascendancy of the wire services, that news is how you tell it, and this required a delicate adjustment of the human motor involved in telling. Each part of it was lubricated by the conviction that it was essential to the recording of history, and therefore to history itself; to tamper with this motor even a little was to risk having it all break down. And so for Louis to take a place with the editors would oblige him to display untried abilities and to prove his right to lead."

Equally all-pervading in this Luce-*Time* literature is the concept of power and its exercise inherent in the magazine's operation. Louis Baron puts it this way in "The Death of Kings":

"You know, Bob, big money is finished as the great power in this country. People like my cousins will go on making money; they'll go on being a privileged class; but they'll never get back the power they lost in twenty-nine. The owners were losing it even before that, losing it to the managers. And who controls the managers? The laws of profit and survival. The business runs the people that run the business. There are only two powers that can challenge those laws. One is government and the other is public opinion, and of the two public opinion's the stronger. The man who controls public opinion is the man of power in this country."

Hardly a man is now alive who has discussed the problems of the times without eventually finding himself neckdeep in a hassle over the implications of these—and other—aspects of the Luce-*Time* stereotype. Such discussions are especially interesting, and especially agonized, when one or more participants is a Luce-*Time* employee—past or present. These problems do lend themselves to endless speculation and immeasurable indignation. No wonder the figure of this man and this magazine bulk so large in literature dealing with the mass media that has appeared since Henry Luce got a Yale diploma and began playing with the idea of something new in magazines.

As with Hearst and his newspaper empire, however, the question is whether or not this stereotype is strictly accurate and representative. Has the historical importance of Henry Luce and *Time* been exaggerated in a way that has distorted the whole concept of magazine journalism in the United States? Luce and *Time* stir up controversy. But is their influence as great as that of DeWitt Wallace and the *Reader's Digest*, for instance, which reach a vastly larger audience, even if the individual readers may not be as influential?

3. A curious situation has developed in literature concerning radio, carrying over to television in so far as a TV literature has materialized.

The most clearly recognizable stereotype is not actually a part of these communications industries at all. Instead, he is the industrial tycoon—most often a highly eccentric sort—whose control over program content as the advertising sponsor invariably is an important element in the plot. He represents a close approximation of George Washington Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, whose preferences for loud and fast music and staccato commercials, repeated *ad nauseam*, have become almost as universally associated with his product as the chant of the tobacco auctioneer—another Hill inspiration.

The classic representation of the Hill stereotype remains Frederic Wakeman's introduction of readers of "The Hucksters" to Evan Llewellyn Evans, president of the Beautee Soap Company:

"He was a small man, almost dainty, with tiny, graceful hands. He was in his middle fifties and looked older. He raised his head suddenly, staring across at Kimberly, and Vic saw that his eyes were a snapping blue.

"And his clothes. Vic had heard about the way he dressed, but it didn't seem possible. He wore a black alpaca coat, a white linen vest, and a bandanna kerchief tied around his neck. Yes, a bandanna. Under it was a starched collar with a gleaming gold collar button, but no tie. He carried a fine white handkerchief

George Washington Hill

in his sleeve. And wore an old straw field hat, indoors and out, winter and summer. He was certainly the General MacArthur of the ad game, Vic thought.

"In the expressive silence, Mr. Evans raised his straw-covered head once more, hawked and spit on the mahogany board table."

If no other representation of the Hill stereotype quite measures up to this in bizarre characteristic and in shock effect, there are others in the same pattern. William L. Shirer introduces a milder version, named Forbes, in "Stranger Come Home," and surrounds him with a covey of lesser moguls whose combined presence affects an assembly of advertising men in a manner stereotypical of ad men in the literature of the radio industry:

"In their presence, the ad men . . .

(*Continued on page* 34)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERARY HORIZONS

Father Bruckberger's America

By Granville Hicks

FATHER R. L. Bruckberger, a Dominican priest, a leader in the French Resistance movement, a distinguished man of letters, spent eight years in this country, and on his return to France naturally wrote a book, now translated as **"Image of America"** (Viking, $4.50). It is not a book of impressions, although Father Bruckberger—who has, as he says, seen more of the United States than most Americans—could have made such a book lively reading for Americans as well as Frenchmen. It is an attempt to answer the question raised nearly two centuries ago by the author's fellow-countryman, Michel-Guillaume de Crèvecoeur, "What is an American?" It is an analytical study in the tradition established by another illustrious Frenchman, Alexis de Tocqueville. Bruckberger is even less descriptive than Tocqueville, and his approach is more rigorously historical.

As history the book is necessarily sketchy, and Bruckberger's simplifications are often highhanded, but he is looking for essentials. Much of his book he devotes to four figures, and a strangely assorted lot they seem at first glance to be: Thomas Jefferson, Henry Charles Carey, Henry Ford, and Samuel Gompers. These men, however, help him to define his conception of the characteristic American attitude towards politics on the one hand and economics on the other. When he has finished talking about them, we know what America means to Bruckberger and why he can say that either it is "the hope of the world or it is nothing."

That Jefferson had his shortcomings Bruckberger is aware, but he honors the man and values his service to the United States. "His ideal, highly revolutionary indeed, was entirely to incline government, institutions, and laws toward a respect for man." To show what that means Bruckberger contrasts Jefferson with a leader of the French Revolution, Saint-Just. Saint-Just was a perfectionist and a fanatic. ("Fanatic love of virtue has done more to damage men and destroy societies than all the vices put together.") With him it was all or nothing, and his utopianism led, as so often it does, to totalitarianism and terror. "It was inside a shapely French head, becurled and powdered, that the perfect totalitarian monster was conceived." Jefferson, on the other hand, was governed by a "stubborn preference for man, for concrete men of flesh and blood, as against any political system whatever, no matter how theoretically perfect." The glory of the Declaration of Independence, according to Bruckberger, is that it does not proclaim a political system but affirms the dignity of man.

BUT political systems were not the only danger, and in the second part of his book Bruckberger examines the struggle against economic systems. Here his first hero is the little-known Henry Charles Carey, whom Karl Marx called "the only American economist of importance." Once again Bruckberger admits that his hero had faults, and Carey's seem to have bulked rather large, but he was a resolute opponent of the capitalist economics of Adam Smith, Ricardo, *et al.* and an equally astute critic of Marxism, which rested, Bruckberger holds, on exactly the same fallacies. Bruckberger uses Carey's views as the base from which he launches his own highly effective attack on both the classical economists and Marx.

It was not enough, however, to affirm a faith in the superiority of human beings to systems; the faith had to be implemented, and Bruckberger turns to two men who, in their different ways, acted on the assumption that the well-being of man is the primary consideration — Ford and Gompers. It was Ford's greatness, in Bruckberger's view, that he refused to believe what capitalist economics taught, that the making of profits was the sole object of industry and that industry would collapse if any other goal were adopted. Ford's establishment in 1914 of the eight-hour, five-dollar day Bruckberger considers a great step in the emanicipation of the working class.

As for Gompers, Bruckberger compares him point by point with Lenin, a comparison that would scarcely occur to an American but is most illuminating. Lenin reasoned from authority, and his aim was to use the working class to accomplish the revolution. Gompers's career was based on "respect for the facts, for nature, for the test of experience," and his purpose was to help the working class in any way he could. "Gompers," Bruckberger sums it up, "was to Lenin exactly what Jefferson was to Saint-Just: flesh-and-blood defending itself against Utopia."

(*Continued on page* 33)

THE UNREALITY was complete. I had just rung the bell of a Paris apartment, and the door was quickly opened by a pleasant-faced Frenchman, just enough to let me in. He held out his hand and said, "My name is Victor Hugo, François Victor Hugo. Please come in and meet my Resistance friends. This is Madame Lauboeuf, and this is Father Bruckberger." Madame Lauboeuf, stunningly beautiful, smiled and held out her hand. Father Bruckberger was too busy to pay much attention to me. Leaning against the wall just beyond one of the tall French windows, he was cautiously peering at the roofs across the street, and every now and then he would jerk his right hand from the folds of his long white Dominican habit, point the pistol in his hand through the open window, and take a quick potshot at Pétain's "Miliciens," who were still holding out a few days after Liberation. One day well after the war he arrived in America to be with the Dominican fathers in their monastery in Minnesota. It soon became quite clear from our correspondence that he neither understood nor liked America. I did the best I could in the "light and leading" department, but I was obviously no match for a man who combined the elements of being a European, a Frenchman, a Catholic priest, a Dominican father, an intellectual, and a Gaullist. Then, so suddenly that it almost had the quality of a conversion, he not only discovered America, but liked it, and decided that he absolutely had to preach about America to the unenlightened in Europe, particularly in France. After many conversations on the subject, it was finally decided that Father Bruckberger should get leave from the monastery to devote two years to writing a book about the U. S. While "Image of America" is not "de Tocqueville Revisited," it is the kind of enthusiastic, offbeat, perceptive, sympathetic appreciation of this country that could only have been written by a European, a Frenchman, a Catholic priest, a Dominican father, an intellectual, a Gaullist. —C. D. JACKSON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS CAPITALISTIC SOCIETY

Our Competitive System: Its Foundations and Future

The people and the premises that have activated our prosperity are scrutinized in three current studies: ***"The Economics of Freedom," by Massimo Salvadori*** *(Doubleday. 242 pp. $4),* ***"The Economic Mind in American Civilization 1918-1933," by Joseph Dorfman*** *(Viking. Vol. IV, 398 pp. Vol. V, 776 pp. $12.50), and* ***"The Roosevelt Revolution," by Mario Einaudi*** *(Harcourt, Brace. 372 pp. $5.95). The works are evaluated respectively by Clarence B. Randall, who has been special assistant to the President on matters of foreign economic policy since 1956; by David M. Potter, professor of American history at Yale University, and by D. W. Brogan, author of "The Era of Franklin D. Roosevelt."*

I. Free Enterprise

By CLARENCE B. RANDALL

THE THOUGHTFUL American is hard put to it these days to keep up with his homework. Seldom before has there been so much that we should know if we are to remain even reasonably well informed about the surging events of this fast-moving modern world. The nuclear scientists surely had their day, driving us of the lay public to frantic study of nuclear fission and astral physics. Now come the economists and the political scientists. I see ominous signs that we are about to be engulfed in an equally frantic re-examination of the social and material implications of our system of production. This is good for it is high time that we who pay the bills should turn our minds seriously to economics.

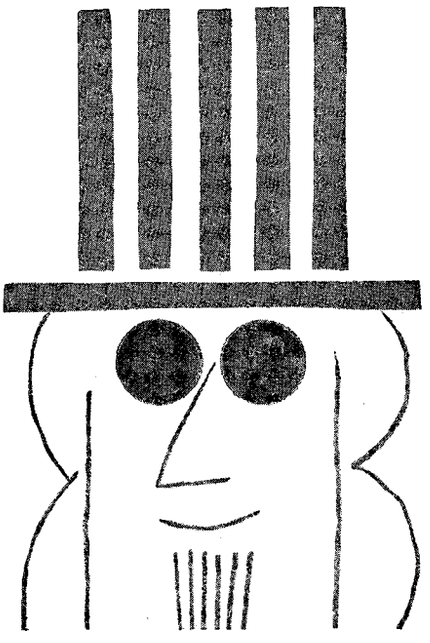
First of the new heretics was Dr. John Kenneth Galbraith, who proclaimed that we should establish government controls over all phases of production and distribution. Back to the Blue Eagle? Never! That professor's nightmare we tried.

Next was Dr. Sumner Slichter, who testified before a committee of the Congress that we should not be disturbed over creeping inflation because it serves a useful purpose in that it promotes the expansion of our economy. Creeping disaster, I call it!

And now comes Dr. Massimo Salvadori, with his highly stimulating, and somewhat controversial, book, **"The Economics of Freedom."** Here is a new voice that is pleasing to my ear, and doctrine that I find refreshing, in spite of the fact that at times he makes my sudden anger rise. Let me clear away those unhappy passages quickly, so that I may get on to what I consider the excellence in this author's contribution to our thought.

He first declares that large enterprise is here to stay. He accepts the fact that the big corporation is indispensable for mass production, for greater efficiency, for reduction in costs, and for activities such as research, which have an important bearing on our progress. Yet, almost in the same breath, he castigates rather savagely those who conduct big business, as though mere association with such projects renders a man ignoble. Though committed to the classless society, and democratic procedures, he would nevertheless bar members of what he terms the "big business community" from participation in the affairs of state.

Categorically he states: "The qualities which make for success in the world of big business are the negation of the qualities required for statesmanship." Those are fighting words for a reviewer who, after completing his career in so-called big business, is endeavoring in retirement to serve his country. There are, of course, small men in big business, just as there are big men in small business.



—From "The Economics of Freedom."
The basic feature: freedom under law.

I wonder how the author would explain the genius of Paul Hoffman, whose creative imagination and superb drive in the administration of the Marshall Plan contributed so enormously to the present prosperity of those western European countries which he knows so well. How would he account for Lew Douglas, who is universally recognized as one of the finest Ambassadors our country ever sent to the Court of St. James? Has he overlooked George Humphrey, who guided the financial aspects of our international relationships so brilliantly for so many years?

BUT I forgive these derelictions in a scholar so recently come to us from his native Europe, who perhaps does not yet know American businessmen well. This very bluntness, coupled with the author's foreign birth and background, makes all the more convincing his penetrating analysis and friendly interpretation of the dynamic forces that underly our economy.

When the author's lecture called "American Capitalism," upon which this book is obviously based, first appeared, even the President of the United States was moved to pause during a press conference to comment upon it with great enthusiasm. And it is little wonder, for here the reader will find a singularly shrewd appraisal of the strengths and weaknesses of American free enterprise. I prescribe the final chapter of the book as a "must" in reading for all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

businessmen who would see themselves as others see us.

The basic feature of our economy, Dr. Salvadori says, is identical with that of our political system—freedom under law. The two are so inseparably intertwined that one cannot exist without the other. Herein lies the problem of the new nations. Natural resources are not enough. Unless private ownership of property is established and protected by law, and unless the individual is permitted to develop his particular talents in the manner which he believes to be most effective, there will be no entrepreneurial class, no private initiative.

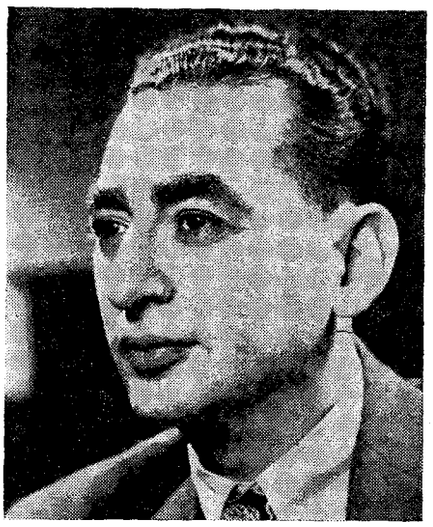
The keys to our phenomenal success is found in the realm of the spirit. Progress is a function of the inventiveness of which men are capable when free. Not our mines, not our forests, not the richness of our prairie soil, but that sublime galaxy of free institutions which were locked into our Constitution and our system of law by our Founding Fathers held the secret of our economic expansion.

Because liberty is the central element of our society, our brand of capitalism must inevitably excel all forms of collectivism and centralized economies. That what we have is properly termed "People's Capitalism" is beyond question. Every American has some part in it, sharing in its rewards, but also sharing the responsibilities for its failures. Large corporations today have as many stockholders as workers, and every citizen, whether he knows it or not, participates in policy-forming.

Our economy is guided and controlled by an infinite multiplicity of daily choices and decisions. If the people decide not to buy, no corporation is powerful enough to stand against their will; if by ballot or by purchase they vote against either a product or an idea, change is certain.

We must, however, humbly concede that our system is far from perfect. What worldly institution is, or ever will be? Yet Dr. Salvadori believes that our economy has its own series of built-in correctives. He describes the reform of capitalism which has taken place in our country, and to this I can bear witness. I've seen and applauded the changes.

The greatest of these, and the one which to my mind holds our highest hope for the future, is the inspiring sense of social responsibility which is sweeping through American industry in this generation. The tragedy of our times is bringing home to businessmen everywhere a new awareness of those very values of freedom of which Dr. Salvadori writes so eloquently, and a new determination to preserve them.



Joseph Dorfman—From 1776 to 1933.

II. The Philosophers

By David M. Potter

JOSEPH DORFMAN'S fourth and fifth volumes of **"The Economic Mind in American Civilization, 1918-1933"** complete a major scholarly enterprise. Twenty-five years ago, just after finishing his book on Thorstein Veblen, Professor Dorfman undertook a detailed and comprehensive history of economic thought in America. In 1946 this project bore its first fruit with the publication of two volumes carrying the story to the end of the Civil War. In 1949 a third volume covered the span to the end of World War I. At that time Mr. Dorfman promised a sequel volume carrying the account "nearer to our own day, possibly to the beginning of World War II." But the constantly increasing quantity of economic writing makes each one of the last four decades harder to handle than whole centuries of earlier time, and it has therefore taken Mr. Dorfman two additional volumes to cover the fifteen years from 1918 to 1933. With the inauguration of the New Deal, he now writes *finis* to his study.

Dorfman's work is, in certain respects, a landmark. Perhaps no other branch of American thought—philosophy, political theory, legal thought, or social thought—has received a comparably full historical treatment. From beginning to end, all five volumes are written with comprehensive detail, great learning, and high scholarly integrity.

Such qualities impart a lasting value to the work, and yet, ironically, they have conspired to prevent the author from giving us a broad interpretation of economic thought as a whole. The cumulative progression of the subject does not unfold before the reader, and at the end one is left with a richness of information about a profusion of eminent economists, rather than with a grasp of the origin and development of vital ideas.

The treatment in the current volumes, as in previous ones, takes the form of a series of discussions of important economic thinkers, grouped according to their field of interest, or their school of economics. These discussions are, for the most part, brief and somewhat encyclopedic. Often they are preponderantly devoted to an uncritical, factual recital, setting forth the theories of the economist in question. These abstracts are frequently followed by extremely curt interpretive summaries, seldom more than a few lines in length, in which Mr. Dorfman indicates the writer's place in a broader context and suggests his larger significance. These passages tantalize the reader by showing how much more illumination the author could have provided.

This same academic integrity is carried to a perverse extreme in Mr. Dorfman's decision to "stop in 1933, out of a deep respect for one of the soundest canons of the historian: namely that the passage of time is needed for perspective and the fullness of available data for adequate description." Granted the validity of the canon, what this means in effect is that the author terminates his *opus* with a two-volume account of a fifteen-year period which ended twenty-six years ago. Moreover, it ended three years before J. M. Keynes published his "General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money."

To these complaints, others might be added: for one thing, with the modern development of economics as a social science, economic thought has become increasingly advanced, mathematical, esoteric, and unintelligible to the layman. As it does so, the significance of given economists becomes harder to explain in simple terms, and the levels of explanation for the economist and the noneconomist diverge more and more. Mr. Dorfman's summaries are, in many cases, too advanced for the laymen but perhaps not analytical enough for the economist. Another difficulty is that where efforts are made to relate economic thought to other branches of thought, the results are sometimes disappointing. The discussions of Sigmund Freud and of Justice Holmes, for instance, illuminate neither the over-all significance of these men nor the influence of their ideas upon economic thought.

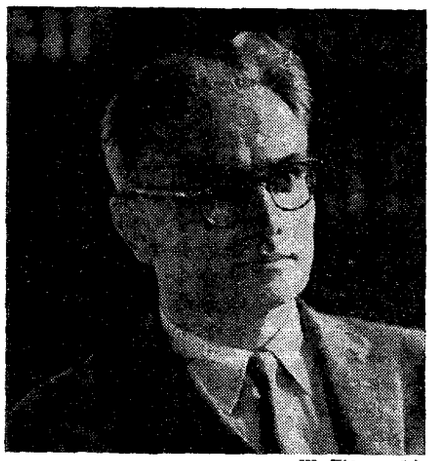
In sum, a reader would hope to find in such a work as this a focus upon the central themes which have run through American economic thought,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a dissecting-out of the underlying premises and attitudes which have pervaded it all, and a sense of the cumulative progression of the subject through a sequence of economic thinkers. He would hope to find constantly an exposition of the interplay between changing social conditions and economic ideas. He does find enough of these things to give him the frustrating conviction that Mr. Dorfman might have provided them in fuller measure.

Still, if this is not an interpretation which sets up insights and overviews, it nevertheless occupies a unique place as the source to which readers must go to work out insights and overviews of their own. No other history of economic thought offers anything approaching the fullness which this treatise provides.

For instance, the seven pages on Isaac M. Rubinow serve not only to save from oblivion the memory of an important economist, but also to show how thoroughly the idea of social security had been worked out before the question of social security ever became a national issue. Throughout these two volumes, in fact, one reads a story of changes in economic thought which foreshadowed important changes in economic policy: the regulation of security markets; the doctrine of overproduction, underconsumption and underspending, and with it the concomitant theory of pump-priming; the belief in political intervention to steady the economy, by public works, by deficit finance, and by the use of monetary and credit controls—all of these developed as ideas during the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover era before they became policies in the era of the New Deal. If Mr. Dorfman's comments do not underscore these relationships, his facts document them to the hilt. For the ends of scholarship, he has done it the hard way, but perhaps the more enduring one.



—W. Ziemazcki.

Mario Einaudi—From 1933 to 1953.

III. The New Deal

By D. W. Brogan

IT IS evident that Professor Einaudi has had two different aims in **"The Roosevelt Revolution."** But whereas double vision spoils most books, it adds greatly to the merits of this one and makes it one of the most intelligent and most useful surveys of the epoch of FDR (and of HST) that have been published. The title was used a quarter of a century ago by Ernest K. Lindley in one of the best books produced by the onrush of the New Deal, but Professor Einaudi and Mr. Lindley are not only separated by the changed perspective of a quarter of a century, they have different primary markets in mind. Mr. Lindley was concerned to show to the bewildered American public of 1934 what was happening to them; Professor Einaudi looks backward over that quarter of a century and tells what has happened. Then Mr. Lindley had his own countrymen in mind, while it is evident that Professor Einaudi writes, in part, for a European audience.

He is concerned to show to the dogmatic, class-conscious, supercilious, and ignorant European intellectual that many things, important things, good things happened in the United States roughly between 1933 and 1953 (there is no necessary implication that they have ceased happening). That this should be necessary may surprise Americans, but few things could work more for the health not only of NATO but of all the Western world than an acceptance of the fact that the picture drawn by a now quite old tradition is false. Mr. Aneurin Bevan has told us how his picture of America was deeply colored by reading Jack London's "Iron Heel" (so was mine), and there have been comparable traumatic experiences for a great many leaders of public opinion in Europe.

Then the success of the American economy is an affront to European Socialists, so attention is devoted to the spots in the sun, at the moment to unemployment for instance. Professor Einaudi's chronology does not permit him to deal with it, but the execution of the Rosenbergs recalled Sacco and Vanzetti, not to speak of the Chicago anarchists, to millions of class-conscious Europeans.

Professor Einaudi tells them to "come off it." He recalls to their forgetful minds the immense extension of liberty (not just for the intellectuals, for all people, even the Negroes), the immensely wider and more egalitarian distribution of economic goods, the humanization of American society, the creation of a much more perfect union than existed in 1933 or during the Harding-Coolidge boom. Again and again I found myself saying "how right," even though some of the more absurd examples of European resentful left-wing snobbery are Continental rather than British. I can only hope that this book is translated, read, and digested in France, Italy, Germany.

But what is its utility for Americans? Partly the utility of showing how the picture of America is distorted abroad; that itself is something worth learning. But it has a much greater value than that. For Professor Einaudi recalls to Americans much that they have forgotten: the debacle of business leadership; the calling into public service of young, hopeful, boundlessly enterprising men and women. The fresh air of hope that marked the early New Deal has never been better conveyed. The institutional changes are clearly and lucidly described, and few will not gain by having their memories refreshed. But some readers may, with some justice, assert that too golden a picture has been painted. NRA was not a Fascist device but it was not a very effective device. FDR was a political genius and a bold administrator, but he was not a model administrator, and some of his handling of issues—like the budget scares of 1937-1938—could have been more harshly viewed. Even the history of the TVA was not as idyllic as is here suggested. The firm leadership of the first term was not so evident in the second. But in dealing with the war terms, Professor Einaudi rightly points out that Roosevelt did not put the New Deal in permanent cold storage and, as the war came to an end, was pondering the domestic problems in a fresh and liberal spirit.

In only one section do I think that Professor Einaudi's zeal leads him astray. He calls the Court plan "ingenuous." Surely it suffered from being disingenuous and might have succeeded if FDR had fought for it openly from the beginning. Then there seems to me some discrepancy in the two accounts of the "Roberts switch." It is one thing to assert that the Supreme Court was getting ready to follow the election returns, another to imply, as is done in one place, that it followed the introduction of the Court bill and surrendered to avert worse things. There are a few minor errors (Manchester, New Hampshire, is not a village. Is Professor Einaudi thinking of Manchester, Vermont?), but these are trivia, for "The Roosevelt Revolution" is a first-class example of narrative, interpretation, and polemic.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

On the Stone Span of Eternity

"The Bridge on the Drina," by Ivo Andric; *translated by Lovett F. Edwards (Macmillan. 314 pp. $3.50), an historical novel about the Slavic peoples, is the first publication in English by a contemporary Yugoslav author. Egon Hostovsky is a Czechoslovak writer, now living in this country, whose novels have included "The Midnight Patient" and "The Charity Ball."*

By Egon Hostovsky

IVO ANDRIC's novel may well be the first sample of Serbo-Croatian literature accessible to American readers. And even to those familiar with contemporary Yugoslav fiction in translation, Andric's saga of "The Bridge on the Drina" should bring a pleasant surprise. It is undoubtedly a great work by a great writer, revealing in many respects more intensity and depth than do the novels and short stories of Miroslav Krleza, the most-translated Yugoslav author in the period between the two wars.

The bridge on the Drina is the stone span erected in Bosnia early in the sixteenth century at the expense of a Bosnian-born Turkish vizier. The story of the three-and-a-half-centuries-old bridge is one of land and man, of wars and barbaric incursions, of national freedom and serfdom; idyllic years alternate with years of famine; it teems with people and episodes rendered unforgettable by the vitality with which a most unusual narrator and poet has infused them. The chronicle is reminiscent of Tolstoy's monumental style, and, at the same time, of the lyric tone of Turgenev.

—Yugoslav Information Center.

Ivo Andric—reminiscent of Tolstoy.

In the author's conception, the ancient bridge is a piece of eternity, forged by human hands and baptized with the bold dreams of men. It has outlasted generations, invasions, wars, and peace. Everything around it was continually changing, rotting, dying, being reborn; but the bridge has stood immutable, the witness of values and efforts that do not pass. "Its life, though mortal in itself, resembled eternity for its end could not be perceived."

In this panoramic drama of the bridge over the Drina, Ivo Andric has written the saga of his native Bosnia, the legendary country where the fate of the Balkans and of Europe has so often been decided. The memorable characters, the revival of folk legends and ballads, and the grand epic frescoes painted with captivating skill in this book bring to mind Henri Pourrat's poetic chronicle of Auvergne, "Gaspard des Montagnes." And as an ideological counterpoise, Andric's "Bridge" evokes Thornton Wilder's "Bridge of San Luis Rey."

Ivo Andric is a former Yugoslav diplomat who now devotes himself only to writing. He holds the highest literary prizes of his country and is chairman of the Association of Yugoslav Writers. Few authors representative of the literatures of the smaller Slavic nations have found such excellent translators into English as has Andric in Lovett F. Edwards.

Thaw in the Winter of Tyranny

"Bitter Harvest," edited by Edmund Stillman *(Praeger. 320 pp. $5), is a collection of post-Stalin "revisionist" writings from countries within the Soviet sphere. A foreign correspondent for* The New York Times *and the author of "American in Russia," Harrison Salisbury is now in Moscow.*

By Harrison Salisbury

TO THOUGHTFUL men and women around the world nothing in recent years has matched the drama of the "thaw" in critical, literary, and philosophical thinking behind what it has become a habit to call "the iron curtain." It is the fruit of this movement that has touched all of the nations east of the Elbe, to one extent or another, that Mr. Stillman calls "Bitter Harvest." The bitterness derives, of course, from the fact that the thaw only too often has been followed by a quick and killing frost.

However, it would be wrong to think that the powerful currents in the Communist countries which gave rise to the movement symbolized in Hungary by the "Petofi circle," in Poland by the still vigorous literary renaissance, in the Soviet Union by the stories of Dudintzev, Granin, and a host of others, and in China by the brief blooming of the 100 flowers has been extinguished. As soon imagine that the Volga or the Yangtse has been changed in the direction of its flow to the sea.

True, some members of the Petofi circle paid with their lives for the courage of their poetical dissent. True, there have been some heavy-handed efforts to set the clock back in Moscow. And in China the flowers long since have been trampled underfoot with the rise of the new communes. But no one who reads the literary output of the Communist lands is unaware of the fact that the fresh winds are still blowing, although, like the breezes of March, they are only too apt to change radically in direction and temperature.

Mr. Stillman's service is that he has gathered a broad spectrum of the writings of the thaw—poetry, philosophy, short stories, fragments of novels, essays—into one book. This makes available to the American reader for the first time such brilliant satirical contributions as S. Kirsanov's "We Need Useful Hearts," Alexander Yashin's devastating commentary on Soviet officialdom, "The Levers," the Polish writer Adam Schaff's indictment of "Socialism" as practised by the Soviet Union, and, from Yugoslavia, Milovan Djilas's critique on the class struggle.

At first glance the contributions seem almost too diverse to be included in one anthology. But each in its way is a perceptive analysis of life under

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Communism as seen by a particular writer. And there is more in common in these pictures than there is diversity, as the reader very quickly realizes.

Several of the stories are by Poland's angry young man, Marek Hlasko. Included also is a philosophical article by the young Polish dissident Communist Kolakowski, as well as a revelatory glimpse into the life of a scientist in a Communist country during the Stalin days by the famous Polish physicist Leopold Infeld. There are in addition many contributions by brilliant Hungarian writers.

The collection is worthy of study if only because of the witness it bears to the depth and breadth of the critical and philosophical independence which endures within the Communist world despite the years of official harassment—sometimes even because of the intensive effort to compel adherence to a party line.

I have one reservation: the collection would have been greatly enhanced in value had Mr. Stillman made more of an effort to present the writers in perspective and to offer in something more than the most cursory form the background of the various contributions and the critical connection, for example, of the Petofi movement in Hungary with the Polish renaissance, and of the stirrings in the satellite countries with the upheavals within the Soviet Union. Nor is an adequate effort made to relate the phenomenon of Boris Pasternak, with its roots and motivations in previous generations and literary traditions, to the upsurge within the younger Communist generation.

OPERATION BUDAPEST: With this new novel, Igor Sentjurc has joined the increasing number of writers attracted by the theme of darkness at noon. In **"Prayer for an Assassin,"** translated by Cornelia Schaeffer (Doubleday, $3.95), an astutely intertwined espionage story set in post-revolutionary Budapest, Mark Vargas is sent by an underground group operating outside Hungary into Budapest to assassinate a powerful and atrociously cruel chief of the Communist secret police. Among those who aid him in his mission are beautiful Ilka, Mark's former mistress; sixteen-year-old Franz, his trusting admirer, and a childhood friend, Dr. Jan Cordas, an apolitical opportunist. Ilka is unmasked as an agent of the Security Police, Franz meets death heroically trying to help Mark, and Dr. Cordas grants him medical help and refuge when Mark is wounded by the police.

The psychological high point of the novel is the dramatic relationship between the old-time friends: Vargas believes in the sacred nature of his political task, while Cordas is devoid of all belief. The book makes absorbing reading on the whole; some of the characters are vividly delineated, and many situations are veracious.

Yet one has the feeling of having encountered these characters in other novels, and of having experienced the dreary atmosphere of the Communist world in the same way before, complete with its demons and saints. Sentjurc's "Assassin" evokes Graham Greene's "Confidential Agent," as well as the works of Koestler and Orwell. Many of the scenes here are more sharply etched in construction, style, and psychological deduction than the author's models, but the impression remains that this story is a perfected copy.

The American edition of "Prayer for an Assassin" does not mention from which language the novel has been translated. The omission may have been intended to enhance the reader's impression that the author is intimately familiar, by origin and experience, with the environment and events he relates. Yet this novel is not by a Hungarian. The author is a Yugoslav, whose political affiliation with Djilas forced him to seek asylum in Germany, where he still lives and where he has published two successful novels. In this account of violent motives and happenings in a police state, Sentjurc may have wished to express more than a thrilling spy story, as did Graham Greene in his early entertainments. But the "more" eludes the reader.

Twenty years ago in Spain the civil war was the literary and philosophic inspiration of scores of writers. Witness Bernanos and Hemingway. It is a somewhat anguishing thought that the recent Hungarian revolution—in many respects more ominous to the free world than were the events in Spain—may have furnished the impulse for nothing more than political whodunits. For it would be tantamount to our accepting the tragedies of individuals and nations as merely sensational spectacles watched through opera glasses with only a passing tremor. —E. H.

Post-Hitler Lives

"Mark of Shame," by Willi Heinrich; *translated by Sigrid Rock (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 316 pp. $4.50), written by one of Germany's most popular novelists, tells of his country's past deeds and present guilt.* Saturday Review's *critic, Victor Lange, is chairman of Princeton University's Department of Germanic Languages.*

By Victor Lange

IT IS not always the most elegant or perceptive novels that give us the truly bitter taste of political and moral upheaval. Pride, defeat, collapse, and shame have twice in our lifetime shaped the imagination of German writers; disaster and humili-

Electroencephalograph—Hyperventilation

By M. B. Thornton

THE nurse was gone and the door was closed.
"Lie still," you said, "don't move—"
stretched flat on my back, all my life, all I am,
my head strung with wires,—with the juice turned on,
you watched me take it,—writhe without moving—watched me crack—
I wasn't supposed to be human (what you were doing
was natural?)

"Breathe," you said, "breathe—" How
excited *you* grew! "Breathe! breathe!" you were shouting
"But I am passing out," I said. "Well *pass* out!" and
not I, but you, were screaming—
But I didn't, did I? I wouldn't, would I? And how
angry you became. I knew you, didn't I, sitting there
on your stool? And you knew I knew you, didn't you, Doctor?
In a rage you left the room, and I with my life, such
as it still was, again reached the street.

Your report read all was Negative, that nothing was wrong,
though you did add I 'panicked,' but then I am no Christ
or I should not have been there. I am only alive.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*From "German Art of the Twentieth Century" (Museum of Modern Art).*

"My Parents" by Otto Dix. 1924.

ation have after two wars produced some of the grimmest self-portraits of a nation in turmoil. But few really distinguished and persuasive accounts of life after Hitler have so far been written: German postwar fiction is heavily overlaid with metaphorical embroidery, and few among the serious younger novelists have managed to extricate themselves from the protective tangle of self-justifying argument, and to report in the manner of Heinrich Mann or Arnold Zweig some of the plain but revealing features of everyday life.

Willi Heinrich, the author of "Mark of Shame," is a young German, who has been successful as a purveyor of pulp-magazine fiction. The reasons for his popularity are not difficult to see: he sets out in this, his third novel, to offer an unvarnished and uncomplicated picture of characteristic types of German middle-class society in the tough and unlovely years of democratic reconstruction. The author is more angry at his country's moral obtuseness than any of his English or American fellow writers.

Five years after the satisfactory end of de-Nazification a thoroughly depressing group of resuscitated Germans play a lively game of blackmail, seduction, and self-debasement. Herr Schneider, who has managed to survive several regimes as an efficient and ruthless public servant, and whose wife and daughter regard him with feelings of both adulation and contempt, finds himself threatened by a document that would expose him as a vicious and calculating Nazi. His daughter Katharina is engaged to a former army officer who is not acceptable to her ambitious father; she turns in self-doubt to Hergett Buchholz, just returned from a Russian prisoner-of-war camp, who, after seven years in captivity, finds life in Western Germany deeply corrupt and pointless. He is tempted to return to his "brazen and beautiful" ex-wife, who has in the meantime been superbly established by the owner of a neo-Fascist newspaper. As he attempts to cross back into his native East Germany, Hergett is shot. Katharina's fiancé restores Herr Schneider's peace of mind by exposing the dreaded blackmail document as a worthless copy, and Katharina herself, having lost Hergett and now the victim of her morally depraved society, marries the son of a successful industrialist.

Herr Heinrich tells this crude story of human paralysis and social corruption with an expert's eye on every conceivable cliché of character and situation. He pulls every possible stop in a vast register of national and personal prejudice and grievance. But he has a knack for satisfying the reader's interest in suspense and melodrama and, above all, of providing in his characters the kind of composite stereotype with which many Germans, puzzled and disgruntled by the twists of recent history, can identify themselves. On the level of this sort of experience the book is undoubtedly effective and fascinating; it will not, perhaps, in any subtle sense, deepen our understanding of human beings or of moral challenges that may continue to strike us as essentially foreign.

GOLDEN GIRL: Robert Kirsch turns to the neon-mooned jungle of Los Angeles in his impressive novel, **"In the Wrong Rain"** (Little, Brown, $3.95). With all the authority of an old Hollywood hand, he leads a not-so-fictional safari across its dark country, terminating in a humid clearing where motels invite adulteries.

For if you take a Hollywood denizen in his forties, settled into the morass of family, who one day finds a seventeen-year-old girl with a dream he recognizes as one he lost a long time ago, you've got something excitingly lethal. And if you mix it, as Kirsch expertly does, with the delirium of that place where old actors going down claw at young actors coming up, you've got the stuff of a moving, nervous, and absorbing story.

"In the Wrong Rain" tells of the perilous odyssey of a man who loves his wife but meets a young, disturbed girl, hell-bent for Hollywood. At the novel's conclusion a family has been almost sacrificed, a life almost lost, and a man has almost embraced the impossible dream all men have: to find in the wilderness the far blue flower, the golden girl at the end of the rainbow.

Kirsch handles all of this with a deft hand and a warm heart. The result is a remarkable first novel that carries an impact of authenticity, derived from acute observation and transmitted with great sensitivity.

—FREDERICK SHROYER.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"WHEN THAT I WAS AND A LITTLE TINY BOY"

More and more grown-up men are turning their thoughts and their typewriters to memories of their youth. Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, offers a cluster of these of recent vintage and asks you to assign the correct recollections to the correct recollectors. Answers on page 31.

1. Max Miller	( ) "The Chip on Grandma's Shoulder"
2. Stark Young	( ) "The Land of the Crooked Tree"
3. R. E. Gould	( ) "In the Castle of My Skin"
4. Hal Borland	( ) "The Old Man and the Boy"
5. R. L. Duffus	( ) "High, Wide and Lonesome"
6. Robert Ruark	( ) "Shinny on Your Own Side"
7. U. P. Hedrick	( ) "Land Without Justice"
8. David Daiches	( ) "All Done from Memory"
9. John P. Espey	( ) "Williamstown Branch"
10. George Lamming	( ) "Drawn from Memory"
11. Milovan Djilas	( ) "A Lost Paradise"
12. Osbert Lancaster	( ) "Yankee Boyhood"
13. Samuel Chotzinoff	( ) "The Other City"
14. Ernest H. Shepard	( ) "My Granny Van"
15. Robert Keith Leavitt	( ) "The Pavilion"
16. George Sessions Perry	( ) "Two Worlds"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YEAR OF CRISIS

Two Gunshots, Then the Cannons

—*From the book.*

The body of Archduke Franz Ferdinand being carried home from Sarajevo.

"Sarajevo," by Joachim Remak *(Criterion. 294 pp. $5), reconstructs one of history's most consequential murders. Henry C. Wolfe, long interested in the origins of World War I, visited Sarajevo in the Thirties and talked with associates of Princip.*

By Henry C. Wolfe

ON THE morning of June 28, 1914, Europe was still enjoying the longest reign of peace she had known in modern times. There had been no major war for forty-three years; the standard of living was rising; it was *la belle époque*. At noon that day, in the Bosnian city of Sarajevo, an undersized, tubercular high-school student assassinated Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, and his morganatic wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg. Gavrilo Princip's shots set into motion a train of events that, with the inevitability of a Greek tragedy, started World War I.

In "Sarajevo" Joachim Remak puts together, for the first time in its entirety, the jigsaw details of the murder, its often inexplicable human and political background and its aftermath. His is a carefully researched and documented account that is at once good history and spirited narrative. The Archduke's love story is movingly told, the trial of the assassins dramatically presented. Dr. Remak, in short, has written one of the year's important books on international affairs.

The Sarajevo melodrama involves social snobbery in high places, imperial court politics, international intrigue, and cloak-and-dagger violence. In Vienna Emperor Franz Josef and his court snub the lady from the lesser nobility whom his nephew Franz Ferdinand has married. In the background an anachronistic Dual Monarchy is desperately trying to hold itself together, Czarist Russia is plotting to extend its power deeper into the Balkans, and ambitious little Serbia dreams of annexing the Austrian provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. A Serbian terrorist society, the Black Hand, serves as instrument for the Serb activists. Young Princip belongs to the Black Hand.

Franz Ferdinand, devoted husband and father, was, for a Hapsburg, liberal in his views. He recognized the centrifugal ethnic forces that threatened to rend the empire asunder, and he envisaged the replacement of Austro-Hungarian Dualism by a Trialism that would include the monarchy's South Slavs. This advanced view made enemies for him in Vienna and Budapest and, apparently, in St. Petersburg. It sealed his doom in Belgrade. Ironically, the pan-Serbs feared his liberal Trialism and set out to kill him.

Although the author marshals his material expertly, and brilliantly reconstructs scene after scene, some tantalizing mysteries remain unsolved. In view of Franz Ferdinand's premonitions and forebodings, why were security precautions so scant on his drive through Sarajevo? Why were the bodies of the Archduke and his wife so deliberately snubbed in Vienna? "As one disgusted Hungarian nobleman put it, 'Every ass was kicking the dead lion now.'" What role did Emperor Franz Josef play in all this?

Considering the seriousness of the international crisis that was developing, why did the Austrian court prevent foreign heads of state from attending the funeral? Was it to denigrate further the dead heir's memory? Or was it a sinister move to prevent visiting rulers from holding conversations that might head off the threat of war? "From time to time," says the author, "history staggers us with its might-have-beens—and this is one such instance."

On July 23rd, Austria-Hungary presented Serbia with an ultimatum that carried a forty-eight-hour deadline. Until then world opinion had sided with Vienna against the murderous cabal in Belgrade. However, the Austro-Hungarians made demands which they realized would be unacceptable. Two days later the Dual Monarchy broke off relations with Serbia. War followed. Russia backed Serbia; Germany supported Austria-Hungary; France was allied with Russia. Britain could not remain aloof to German invasion of Belgium. Five weeks after Princip fired his two shots in front of Schiller's store in Oriental Sarajevo, millions of men were engaged in a holocaust that was to change the whole world.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 838

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 838 will be found in the next issue.

PBCEFKGE RM FHBERMK

RC RTT OQKBL.

—PBTFLRXHF.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 837

Conquest is the acquiring of the right of sovereignty by victory.

—HOBBES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dalliance Over

***"1914," by James Cameron** (Rinehart. 278 pp. $3.95), is a Briton's impressionistic view of the termination of an era. Ranjee Shahani, who has lived in England for two decades, is the author of "The Amazing English" and numerous other books.*

By Ranjee Shahani

WHEN a person is afflicted with spiritual malaise, or finds the world too much for him, he tends to lick the chops of memory. It is the same with a people. Indians, for example, never wearied of singing the praises of their Aryan past when they were under the British. As soon as they had attained freedom—at least politically—they began to worry about the here and the now. Today, despite lip-service to Gandhi, they are thinking not of Ram Raj (their Golden Age) but of a technological revolution. The French, too, after the disaster of 1940, ran back to their storied yesterdays and drew comfort from the fact that they had once added to the sum-total of human achievement.

It is now the turn of the English to be nostalgic. What a mighty power they were at one time and how expertly they had moved the various pieces on the chessboard of life! And now . . . Everything is topsy-turvy, and they feel cramped and harassed in their island retreat. What a ghastly transvaluation of values.

This is the sum and substance of Mr. Cameron's book. He does not moralize; he does not philosophize; he is not covered with the dust of libraries (though he has read a good deal on the subject); he paints his picture impressionistically, with touches of delightful *diablerie*. It is a pleasure to read his book.

Mr. Cameron tells us the story of a particular fragment of time in the life of Britain. For him, as for many of his countrymen, 1914 is the culprit year, when, in the midst of halcyon calm, the world was suddenly bathed in the hues of earthquake and eclipse. The old order ceased to be, and a new one refused to be born. Upon us came an interregnum of the spirit.

There is no attempt to probe into causes; we are given the facts and told to make our own judgments.

> In the year 1914 [we are boldly informed] the world, as it was known and accepted then, came to an end. Far more than any year before or since was this the punctuation-mark of the twentieth century. It was the end of many things that were bad and perhaps even more that were good; both the good and the bad contributed to the climax. Out of the crucible of the First World War came something that could variously be defined as either an improvement or a corruption of the smooth days before; at least they were wholly and irretrievably changed.

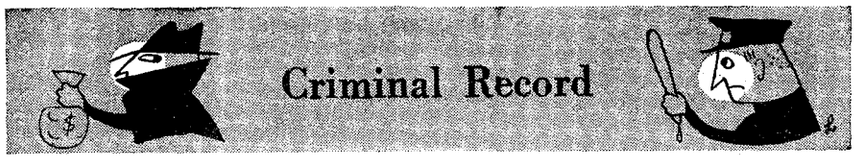
James Cameron . . . a particular fragment of time.

This is true enough, but not quite. Orientals will say that the watchtowers which Europe had erected with such care in various parts of the world began to crumble when Japan defeated Russia in 1905. The East then woke up with a start. Once this had happened, the old scheme could not continue; it had to go. Nineteen fourteen hastened matters.

But why is Mr. Cameron so wistful and bewildered? England, as he tells us so charmingly, has lost her "smooth days"; her hour of dalliance is over; she has now to struggle to survive. What's wrong with that?

In the past, before 1914, the grandeur and glory of England were built upon the tears of less wide-awake peoples. She is now largely free from the taint of tyranny. She has gained in moral stature, and, what is more, she has created here and there in the world islands of Englandism. That destiny few nations have enjoyed in the long and weary story of mankind. England will be truly great when she has shed her empire and is content to live by the sweat of her brow. Her past eminence was factitious.

Mr. Cameron writes well, but there is no iris about his work. His long descriptions of the war lack power and are, frankly, somewhat boring. Occasionally he uses vulgarisms: he talks of "humans," which is terrible. But his picture of life in England before the war of 1914 is exciting, full of light and shade. This book is not literature but fine journalism.



GIDEON'S STAFF. *By J. J. Marric. Harper.* $3.50. When budget troubles beset Commander George Gideon of Scotland Yard as crime wave booms, he pulls neat public-relations stunt to get more men. Usual kaleidoscopic but well-organized job.

MAN IN AMBUSH. *By Maurice Proctor. Harper.* $2.95. Cop-killer in large English city burns down Inspector Martineau's house and inflicts various other indignities, but the law wins through in this characteristically exciting chase job.

THE DARK ROAD. *By James Cross. Messner.* $3. Yank officer on duty in Germany in jeopardy when corpse turns up in quarters; Intelligence chief takes heat off by giving him tough cross-curtain assignment. Nice casting and handling, with fine motion.

THE THIRD STATUE. *By Shane Martin. Morrow.* $3.50. Professor Ronald Challis, archeologist with private-eye leanings, meets gun-toting female Ph.D. (American) and other strange characters on Grecian tour that produces deaths. Travelogue good, story highly involved.

BEAUTY IS A BEAST. *By Kathleen Moore Knight. Crime Club.* $2.95. Acromegaly impels lovely lady to multiple murders; flight from New York to Pemberthy Island, Mass., offers temporary haven, but First Selectman Elisha Macomber is on job for justice. Holds up nicely.

TEMPEST IN A TEA-CUP. *By William Shand. Roy.* $2.75. William A. Tempest, Canadian eye operating in London, takes on rural mission and finds body en route; four others turn up before spottable villain is unmasked. Placidly active, with much bludgeoning.

PSYCHO. *By Robert Bloch. Simon & Schuster.* $2.95. Lamming lass (40 Gs) comes cropper; boy friend and her sister start mid-South search, with amazing results. Grisly and gruesome. —SERGEANT CUFF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONAL HISTORY

Secrets of a Royal Census-Taker

—Wide World.

Ex-King Michael of Rumania with his bride, Princess Ann of Bourbon-Parma.

"Kings Without Thrones: European Monarchy in the Twentieth Century," by Geoffrey Bocca *(Dial. 314 pp. $6), tasks the British Royal family with being German and otherwise irritates U-minded Nancy Mitford, English novelist and biographer, who wrote "The Blessing," "Madame de Pompadour," and "Voltaire in Love."*

By Nancy Mitford

EVERYBODY likes hearing about kings and queens; in their breeding, education, and daily round they are different from us and therefore interesting. Even ex-kings, if they keep in touch with a section of their people and keep away from Elsa Maxwell, retain a certain interest. Mr. Bocca has performed the almost impossible feat of writing a dull book about European monarchs. Its very title is misleading since five of the sixteen chapters are devoted to kings with throne. The author describes himself as British and a monarchist but he writes in poor American, loses no chance of denigrating his own country, and rakes up many a hackneyed old scandal about the monarchs he professes to support.

He cannot mention the English royal family without adding that they are really Germans. (Has his own family been English, as they have, for 200 years?) By his standards the President of the United States is German, Senator Kennedy bog Irish, and General Norstad, Norwegian. He goes even more seriously wrong when describing the Greek royal family as German, which he constantly does in order to Germanize our Prince Philip. They are, in fact, Danes with a good deal of Russian blood. The Danish Royal Family is the oldest in Europe, but Mr. Bocca is rather vague about European nationalities and does not distinguish between the Nordic races. He is not always consistent. Although, according to him, our royal family is German, one member of it—Queen Victoria Eugenia of Spain—seems to be English. The Spanish monarchists are said to fear that if Don Juan came to the throne "the court of Spain would take on the atmosphere of a Mayfair garden party." (Alas, where are the gardens of Mayfair?)

Mr. Bocca hardly has a good word for our Queen, but he has his favorites in the royal world, chief of whom is the Princess de Réthy. It is a curious choice for a monarchist since nobody has done more than she to jeopardize a throne. He turns this Shakespearean character, this Renaissance princess, into a sort of Princess Grace of Monaco, thus making a nonsense of the Belgium imbroglio. Mr. Bocca thinks that King Leopold has been dogged by bad luck and that his subjects have behaved disgracefully to him, while admitting that after his marriage "some of the sharpness went out of his approach to the war. As a symbol of resistance his silhouette faded." (It is a remarkable fact, by the way, that the European monarchs who have kept their thrones all resisted the Germans in the Second World War.) Of the present situation in Belgium we are told that the "tough young King" only sees his father and stepmother once or twice a month, whereas really he lives with them in the same house.

Another favorite and a much more worthy one is the Comte de Paris. He also is supposed to have been unlucky. But the bad luck of pretenders, like that of more ordinary people, often comes from bad judgment. Unlike his father and grandfather, the Comte is allowed to live in France and conduct propaganda on his own behalf. He has an interesting position, is treated with great respect; the French half listen to what he says. Mr. Bocca thinks he has a good chance of regaining the throne of his ancestors. This seems unlikely. It is difficult to imagine the cynical, clever French, who live for change, settling down under a monarchy. The upper classes, like those of Italy and Spain, curtsey to the pretender and have his photograph on the piano but are not prepared to expend much blood and treasure to put him on the throne.

Mr. Bocca is a master of the meaningless sentence. "Not in itself legitimate [the Bernadotte family], it legitimised itself quickly by marrying into the German, British, and finally Swedish royal families." His knowledge of history is rudimentary: for instance, he seems never to have heard of the quarrel between the Vatican and Quirinal, and he speaks of the "Bavarian genius for government." There really are limits to the bad writing and poverty of matter which ought to be presented to the reading public. In my view, Mr. Bocca has overstepped these limits.

From Oil to Albany

"A Rockefeller Family Portrait: From John D. to Nelson," by William Manchester *(Little, Brown. 184 pp. $3.95), not only shows the change in public feeling toward the Rockefellers but also the change in their own private feeling toward the public. Cleveland Amory, social historian and* SR *contributing editor, is at present at work on a book that will be entitled "Who Killed Society?"*

By Cleveland Amory

THE LATE E. DeGolyer, formerly chairman of the board of this magazine and recognized dean of oilmen, once told this writer that one of the reasons why he had so much difficulty writing about the oil business was that he never could make up his mind about old John D. Rockefeller. "I never could decide," he said, "whether he was the greatest oil man who ever lived or a damned lying pirate who made a monkey out of the whole capitalistic system."

William Manchester, author of "A Rockefeller Family Portrait," has no such doubts. In the very beginning of the preface to this book he writes that while most readers are "likely to be partial toward Nelson, the agreeable new Governor of New York, and chilly toward his grandfather . . . the author, far from condemning the old dynast, actually prefers him to the rest of the family. The prejudice is acknowledged, and without blushes."

Since the late Mr. De Golyer knew more about the oil business than all

(*Continued on page* 32)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: Norman Cousins
Publisher: J. R. Cominsky
Associate Editors: Harrison Smith, Irving Kolodin

Associate Publisher: W. D. Patterson
Science Editor: John Lear
Poetry Editor: John Ciardi
Feature Editor: Charles J. Sopkin
Production Manager: Pearl M. Steinhaus
Book Review Editor: Rochelle Girson
Ass't. Book Review Editor: Rollene W. Saal

Editors-at-Large
Cleveland Amory
Harrison Brown
John Mason Brown
Joseph Wood Krutch
Walter Millis
Elmo Roper
James Thrall Soby
John Steinbeck

Contributing Editors
Hollis Alpert
Henry Hewes
Granville Hicks
Arthur Knight
Gilbert Seldes
Robert Lewis Shayon
Horace Sutton
John T. Winterich

Contents Copyrighted, 1959, by Saturday Review, Inc.

A Philosophical Issue for 1960

THE YOUNG Republicans, meeting in Denver last month, censured the two members of their party in the United States Senate—Margaret Chase Smith of Maine and William Langer of North Dakota—who voted with forty-seven Democrats to refuse Senate confirmation of Lewis Lichtenstein Strauss as Secretary of Commerce in President Eisenhower's Cabinet. The decision was taken after Mrs. Clare B. Williams, vice-chairman of the Republican National Committee, had declared in the convention keynote speech that the Strauss case was "certain to become a campaign issue" in the 1960 Presidential election.

Other statements made at Denver clearly delineated the belief behind the Young Republican position: that Mr. Strauss had been the victim of a personal vendetta with Senator Anderson of New Mexico.

Only seven times previously has the Senate rejected a President's choice of a member of the executive family. Personal bitterness can be found on the surface of each of the seven rejections. But deeper examination reveals in each a profounder issue.

Andrew Jackson was the first President to suffer a Cabinet rebuff in the Senate. He nominated Roger Taney as Secretary of the Treasury in 1834, nine months after he had actually installed Taney in office. The real issue was the Bank of the United States, a financial institution whose power Jackson thought inimical to popular government. Jackson had ordered Federal funds withdrawn from the Bank. Taney obeyed Jackson's orders. The Senate, in rejecting Taney's appointment, expressed its displeasure.

President Benjamin Tyler named four different Cabinet appointees who were not acceptable to the Senate. These rejections were an historical adjustment to the fact that a man who had not been elected to the Presidency could become President. Tyler was the first Vice-President to enter the White House through the accident of death.

Andrew Johnson nominated Henry Stanbery to be his Attorney-General in 1867. The Senate's unwillingness to approve reflected a continuance of the lack of confidence the Congress had displayed in impeachment proceedings against Johnson himself.

Calvin Coolidge nominated Charles Beecher Warren for Attorney-General in 1925. The Senate was unwilling to confirm because Warren was a "sugar-trust" lawyer. Popular indignation was still running high at that time against the involvement of the "oil trust" in the Teapot Dome scandal.

What bearing does this history recitation have on the Senate's refusal to accept Mr. Strauss?

The record seems to be plain. At the time President Eisenhower sent his name to the Senate, Mr. Strauss had the support of a majority of the Senators—not necessarily because they liked him, but because they respected the tradition of a President's freedom to make his own mistakes in choosing advisors. Mr. Strauss insisted upon the unusual privilege of answering every criticism individually and personally. And the longer he stayed on the witness stand the worse his position became. He could have been confirmed had he possessed greater humility. He was denied Cabinet status for essentially the same reason he had given in forcing Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer out of the Government's secret councils—he had refused to play according to the rules laid down for the game.

Mr. Strauss was the victim of a personality clash only in the sense that he personally epitomized an extreme interpretation of Executive prerogative: the "right" to keep certain selected phases of Government operation secret from the Congress and from the people. Several days before the vote on the Commerce nomination, the Senate's broader concern with secrecy as an official policy was twice expressed elsewhere.

Senator Thomas C. Hennings, Jr., of Missouri, chairman of the Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, released letters from seventeen American Nobel Prize-winning scientists on the issue. Sixteen said that in their opinion the Government secrecy policy was hurting scientific progress.

The secrecy issue was brought up again during hearings by the Senate Committee on Government Operations on the desirability of creating a Cabinet Department of Science and Technology. Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, of Minnesota, inserted into the hearing record a letter in which Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., President Eisenhower's Special Assistant for Science and Technology, had declined to testify because "I believe it to be inappropriate for me to do so because of my advisory functions here in the White House." Senator Humphrey commented: "I have a feeling that only when these councils in the executive office of the President share frankly with legislative representatives—openly, candidly, cooperatively—will there be real . . . coordination of the Federal science activities."

WITH science accounting for so much of the enormous Government expenditures, which are the root of present-day inflation, it is natural and proper that the Senate should focus its resentment on a man who practised extreme secrecy as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission and could have been expected to continue the policy in a department responsible for several of the most important sources of basic research in the country. The Federation of American Scientists has already expressed its opposition to the philosophy Mr. Strauss symbolizes. It would be salutary for the whole of science to stand up and be counted. A public service of unusual proportions could be performed if the Young Republicans would persist in their efforts to make the Senate's rejection of Strauss's nomination an issue in the choice of the next President.

—John Lear.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TABLE STAKES

Regarding John Ciardi's editorial on the banning of *BIG TABLE* #1 [*SR* June 27], [It is] a calm, reasoning, generous statement—particularly as I fancy Ciardi has little sympathy with Kerouac's or Burroughs's point of view. Still, as he so well recognizes, there is one thing that is at least *as* sacred as the mind of that hypothetical sixteen-year-old girl: that earnest words find print, and we be deprived of no chance to be enlarged by them.

The whole thing is rather ludicrous, after all. Has Chancellor Kimpton met any sixteen-year-old girls lately? Were they reading the *Chicago Review* or *BIG TABLE*? Even if they were, what in the world does Chancellor Kimpton think sixteen-year-old girls are like these days? In some cases at least, these sixteen-year-old girls may be romanticizing the hipness of drug addiction. Would this be possible after reading Burroughs?

Fortunately, prurient post-office officials, and university chancellors with weak stomachs, will continue to resemble so many intellectual Keystone Cops as long as people like Ciardi have their eyes open. Give him a message of friendship from me.

John Clellon Holme.

Old Saybrook, Conn.

"I suppose now you'll go running off to the Supreme Court trying to get a reversal!"

SUMMERFIELD ICUMEN IN

Both good and bad TV I've seen,
And read new novels. But
There must be something in between
Clean Western yarns and smut.
(I agree with Summerfield.)

Helen W. Bernstorff.

Minturn, Me.

THE FIFTH FREEDOM?

As an alumnus of the University of Chicago may I express my shame for the ridiculous behavior of Chancellor Lawrence Kimpton in the matter of *The Chicago Review*? His adolescent concern with football and public morals is not in the tradition of the once-respected institution of higher education.

As a possible consolation to Mr. Ciardi, consider the horror of waking one morning (Kafkalike) to discover that the world of beauty had become a swamp of filth. What kind of mind must a man have to see dirty pictures where others see masterpieces?

If only FDR had been able to establish freedom from obscene censors.

G. Scott Wright, Jr.

Weston, Conn.

COMES THE REVOLUTION

Bravo! Bravo! to Robert Shayon for "One More Summer" [*SR* June 13] and more power to him. If he and *SR* are ready to start a movement for better television, then we are ready to give our full support, financial and otherwise. Certainly there must be numerous *SR* readers who would be willing to organize a "minority with leadership power." The eggheads are finally coming out of their book-lined studies to say their piece. Let's, by all means, start to act before mediocrity overwhelms us and our children. This is no time for checking tongues and wagging heads. It's time for action! Thank you, Mr. Shayon, for saying aloud what many of us have been thinking. We await further instructions.

Cornelia Steinberg.

Whittier, Calif.

MORGAN AND CATS

Henry Morgan's paragraph on "Lady Cats" [Phoenix Nest, *SR* June 20] really made me hot under the collar. What a stupid observation and conclusion he has come to. To form an opinion one must first know of what one speaks—be it even a cat—the most dependable, faithful and intelligent of animals.

Helen Cowley.

Orleans, Mass.

MAN'S SECOND-BEST FRIEND

Who the devil is Henry Morgan? In a longer letter I could disprove everything this fellow says. Paradox number one: Why the *cat* chose to sit in his lap baffles me, too. Cats are instinctively averse to ogres. Number two: Siamese cats are not afflicted with strabismus. I suggest that he put his eyebrows close together and see how *he looks*. Cats contribute nothing, he writes. He didn't, however, add what he expected the cat to contribute. Cats stare at houseflies, he goes on. Why not give the cat a swatter?

To say that "people with insufficient personalities are fond of cats" is a pretty senseless statement. One could name numerous cat lovers who are anything but lacking in personality: the gregarious as well as the introverted. He doesn't hate cats; he is a misanthrope. I *love* cats.

Phil Leavitt.

Hartford, Conn.

CONFUSED THINKING

"What's Left of Karl Marx?" [*SR* June 6] has aroused a lot of opposition in my mind. I fail to understand why Mr. Hook tries to save Marx and Marxism, while both have been proven so terribly wrong in theory and practice.

Isn't it rather our duty in the "unending quest for a better society," as Mr. Hook puts it nicely, to point out the great errors in the Marxian theories, and why they have led to more enslavement for the people?

Too many young and older people try to find "some good" in Marx and Marxism, and often advance that different people could carry these doctrines to a better end. Why confuse such thinking more by looking for "what is left of Marx," instead of insisting on the fallacies of the Marxian theories, their philosophic and economic shortcomings?

Mrs. F. S. Schorr.

Los Angeles, Calif.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Mr. Preminger's Day in Court

LAST week, writing of "Porgy and Bess," I noted a directorial technique that seemed altogether wrong-headed and self-defeating. As directed by Otto Preminger, "Porgy" had a minimum of cuts or changes of angle of vision. What visual variety there was came primarily from movements of the camera itself as it tracked after an actor or darted from one side of Catfish Row to the other. Recently Preminger defended this approach. "There is no need for large close-ups on the huge Todd-AO screen," he explained. "Everything is clear, everything is in focus. You don't have to cut from long-shot to mid-shot to close-up in order to show something to the audience. In most of our set-ups for Todd-AO, every detail is just about as large as it would be in close-ups on the so-called normal screen. I disapprove of cutting for the sake of cutting. I feel that this new screen size demands a different camera technique."

Mr. Preminger is certainly quite right in his theory. New techniques *are* needed for the new screen sizes and shapes, techniques that can create for the spectator the same excitement and anticipation produced in the past by a succession of brief takes from innumerable points of view. Rapid cutting becomes an irritant on the wide screen and, unless it is extremely carefully prepared, the leap from a long-shot to a close-up can look grotesque. Obviously, Mr. Preminger is aware of these problems, even though in "Porgy" he failed to solve them. But in the time that Samuel Goldwyn was working over the sound tracks for "Porgy," Preminger managed to produce and direct a whole new picture, **"Anatomy of a Murder"** (Columbia), a film in black-and-white, for the normal screen, which reveals again the enormous vitality of the camera when pressed into service by a capable film maker.

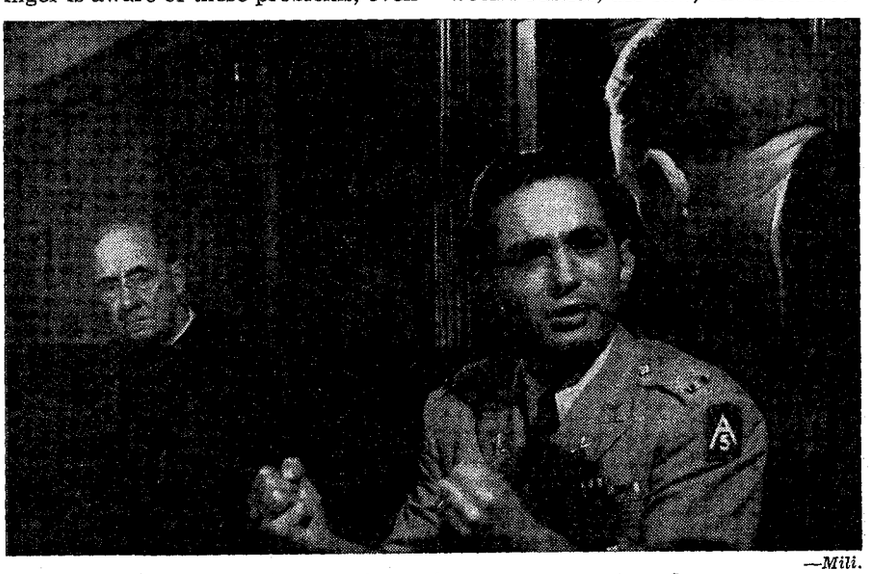
I was fortunate enough to be able to observe a few days' shooting on "Anatomy" near Ishpeming, in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, where the entire film was made. What impressed me particularly was the precision with which Preminger worked. His camera, it seemed, was constantly in motion, pushing its way down the entire length of a (real) road-house crowded with jiving jitterbugs, twisting to follow a car as it jounced up a deep-rutted road, then closing in to overhear a conversation, rolling just ahead of James Stewart and Lee Remick as they walked and paused, walked, and paused. It required supreme control of every element that might be caught by the lens—a speedboat on the lake in the distance, a five-piece combo glimpsed through the road-house window. But Preminger knew what he wanted, and no matter how complicated the shot, he worked until he got it. "Print it—and one more," became a familiar phrase.

Early one Sunday morning, I was invited to come along and look at the week's rushes, the raw, unedited footage just as it came from the camera. It gave me further insight into Preminger's working methods. One could almost guess how one shot would fit with the next, so economic was his planning. Most directors—and particularly those trained in the theatre or in television—prefer to stage a dramatic scene in an over-all master shot, a single long shot that contains all the action in the entire sequence. This is then followed by mid-shots, two-shots, close-ups, inserts—all the material that the editor will need to give a semblance of cinematic life to the scene. Inevitably, such a scene retains a certain theatrical quality, an aura of the stage, despite its filmic punctuation. Preminger, on the other hand, arranged each shot specifically for the camera. Long-shots invariably found the camera in motion, so that as the lens came close to or away from a character it gave something of the effect of a close-up or a mid-shot without the need for cutting. An extended dialogue passage might be filmed twice, once favoring one actor, once favoring the other; intercutting the two would give the sequence visual variety. I began looking forward to a completed "Anatomy."

—*Mili.*

Co-Prosecuting Attorney George Scott provokes the defense.

The resulting film, I am pleased to say, even exceeds my anticipations. I had had glimpses of intense, shaded performances, but the marvelously equivocal portraits provided in "Anatomy of a Murder" by James Stewart, Lee Remick, Ben Gazzara, and George Scott reveal complexities in character such as rarely are seen on the American screen. I had wondered about the trip to the Upper Peninsula. True, it was the setting for Robert Traver's best-selling novel, but doesn't California have lakes? And aren't there perfectly serviceable small-town sets standing on every back lot in Hollywood? But these would never have been the same. The sets could have been made over to resemble more closely the drab, quasi-New England houses; but would anyone have remembered to install a greasy, dirty, battered refrigerator in Stewart's bachelor quarters, or a



—*Mili.*

Defense Attorney James Stewart cross-examines defendant Ben Gazzara as Judge Joseph Welch presides.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smudge on the paint where his friend habitually stubbed out his cigar? And what about the jolt that comes from recognizing over a bartender's shoulder the very bullet hole that splintered the counter the night the real-life Barney Quill was shot down?

For Robert Traver—or Judge John Voelker—has written a novel that is largely autobiographical. It is a lawyer's memoir of the sensational murder trial of a young officer who killed the man who had raped his wife. For complete authenticity, Preminger did well to pack his equipment off for two months in the Michigan woods. The sets were there—the bar where the actual shooting took place, the trailer camp near which Laura Manion was raped, the courthouse for the trial, even the combination home and law office of Judge Voelker, who is, of course, the Paul Biegler of the story (although looking a good deal more like John Wayne than James Stewart).

Voelker wrote his book not merely because he had a sensational story to tell, but because he had something to say about the American system of trial by jury, and perhaps even more importantly, because he was troubled by what he felt to be a very real conflict between good law and pure justice. Wendell Mayes, in fashioning his screenplay, had the temerity to include much of this material, giving the film a weight and substance far beyond the ordinary courtroom drama. All the customary pyrotechnics are included—the shouting, menacing prosecuting attorney, the brandished evidence, the acute cross-questioning of witnesses. But with Judge Joseph Welch presiding benignly on the bench, his every line a shaft of wit and wisdom, the trial is also a searching examination of our legal procedures. Obviously, Judge Voelker is not at all certain that a good lawyer is not in fact a clever shyster but, as he has one of his characters earnestly say, "God bless juries."

Lawyers are not altogether pleased with the Judge's ruminations, nor by his inclusion (in both the book and the film) of what he calls "the lecture," a lawyer's inferential way of instructing his client on his best defense strategy. Nor are all filmgoers apt to accept with equanimity the bald language with which the facts of the rape are established. It is a long and demanding picture—perhaps too long, although I would hesitate to suggest a single scene that could profitably be dropped. Above all, it is no film for children. But then, why should it be? The problems that it tackles, like its central situation, have been drawn for the adult mind—and with a skill and clarity that every adult will appreciate. —Arthur Knight.

TV AND RADIO

The Moppets of Moscow

PERHAPS your holiday plans this summer include a trip to Moscow. If so—and you find yourself at the fair that highlights our cultural interchange with the Russians—be sure and visit the color TV exhibit to see the two "Picture Book Parade" films for children which are being shown. The soundtracks will feature a Russian-speaking narrator; but the pictures on the screen are likely to be familiar. They are from two delightful American picture books for children, "Lentil," by Robert McCloskey (Viking), and "The Little Red Lighthouse," by Swift and Ward (Harcourt, Brace). Each film runs only nine minutes; and in addition to the pleasure you will enjoy in viewing these unusual films made expressly for younger children, you may derive some satisfaction from the fact that you're looking at television fare that American children just don't see.

It isn't that these two films—and more than a dozen other similar films of quality picture books—aren't available in the U.S. It's simply that their producer hasn't yet been successful in cracking the peculiar problems of the American TV market, which chronically erect a barrier between the esthetic best our producers are capable of turning out and the allegedly undernourished (for quality product) child audiences. Morton Schindel has been producing the "Picture Book Parade" films, at his Weston Woods Studios, in Connecticut, since 1956. Such first-rate titles as "Make Way for Ducklings," "Andy and the Lion," and "The Story of Ping," were among his original works; and these are not the run-of-the-mill, animated cartoons. "Picture Book Parade" films are superb examples of iconographic motion pictures.

Reaction of the producers of the network's few children's programs, at the time, were enthusiastic; but they "couldn't program" the films in their shows' formats. Subsequently, "Captain Kangaroo," at CBS, used the Weston Woods films in an emergency situation, while the program was waiting for the network to turn out its own house-produced cartoons, which proved to be hardly competitive in quality with "Picture Book Parade." Producer Schindel took to the road in an effort to syndicate his films, but succeeded merely in getting short runs in less than a half-dozen markets. Even a syndication service fared no better for him. The station managers usually liked the films "personally," but couldn't whip up any commercial excitement. The argument ran, "The pictures don't move," meaning they don't gallop at the pace of the fully animated cartoons. Also, they apparently appeal primarily to a "very young age group," which "doesn't buy things."

The sponsored TV pattern in the U.S. is almost completely "family-oriented," which means that children in the three-to-nine age group have available to them only shows made essentially for "adult" audiences. Meanwhile, away from the ranch, "Picture Book Parade" was receiving encomiums from professional observers concerned with children. Schindel's product was also making its way to the Japanese network, to CBC, in Canada, to the BBC, in England, and to RAI, in Italy. A deal is pending for distribution to all of Europe.

FIVE Weston Woods films represented American films for children at the Brussels Fair last year. For this year's Moscow color TV exhibit, NBC's International Facilities are the contractual agent. Of all the films they auditioned, they told the "Picture Book Parade" producer, the Weston Woods product are truly *children's* films. The other films to be shown are representative of the end of the Hollywood short-subject age. What troubles me is the paradox of "Picture Book Parade" at Moscow. Our State Department is putting its best foot forward culturally with the Russians. Implicit in the exhibition of "Lentil" and "The Little Red Lighthouse" is the presumption that this is what children see on American television. Implicit also is the expectation that this is what Russian children will understand and admire. Are American children so different in their standards of taste for juvenile films from children in Japan, England, Europe, Canada, Italy, and Russia? If yes—then our State Department unwittingly is admitting the cultural superiority of the young in these other lands. If not—there is a double standard hidden in the transatlantic exchange. Would the State Department please copy—and see if they can do as much for my children within viewing distance of home TV as they take pride in doing for the moppets of Moscow.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center • Ci 6-4600

AUDREY HEPBURN
In FRED ZINNEMANN'S
Production of
"THE NUN'S STORY"
Co-Starring
PETER FINCH • DAME EDITH EVANS
DAME PEGGY ASHCROFT • DEAN JAGGER
with
MILDRED DUNNOCK
Screenplay by Robert Anderson
From the Book by Kathryn C. Hulme
Music Composed and Conducted by
Franz Waxman
Produced by
Henry Blanke
Directed by
Fred Zinnemann
A WARNER BROS. PICTURE
in TECHNICOLOR

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"BONANZA"
exciting Americana extravaganza . . . featuring famed Dartmouth Glee Club . . . Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, specialty acts and Symphony Orchestra . . . climaxing in Alaskan "Gold Rush" scene with thrilling fire effects in "Burning of Nome" spectacle.

NOW thru JULY 18 Only!
S. HUROK
presents in conjunction with the
SOVIET EXHIBITION
Russian
MUSIC and DANCE
Festival
COMPANY OF 200
FEATURING STARS OF THE
BOLSHOI and LENINGRAD
Ballets and
UKRAINIAN, GEORGIAN, ARMENIAN and
UZBEK Dancers & PIATNITSKY FOLK
CHOIR and FULL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
AIR CONDITIONED
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

"BIGGEST, MOST EXHILARATING JOLT OF THE SEASON. SHAKES THE THEATRE."
—Kerr, Herald Tribune
PAUL NEWMAN GERALDINE PAGE
SIDNEY BLACKMER
in
Sweet Bird of Youth
A New Play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
Rip Torn | Diana Hyland | Madeleine Sherwood | Logan Ramsey
PRICES (Tax Incl.): All Evgs. Orch. $6.90: Mezz. $5.75; Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. and Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope. Suggest alternate dates.
AIR-COND. MARTIN BECK THEA. 302 W. 45th St., N. Y.

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Something Old, Something New

EPIDAURUS, GREECE.

FOR foreigners, Greek theatregoing is a mixture of history, archeology, and dramatic spectacle. The opening of **"Oresteia"** at this year's Epidaurus Festival is a particularly good example because the road from Athens to this Peloponnesian landmark passes close to Mycenae, where it is possible to visit the ruins of Agamemnon's palace in which the action of Aeschylus's trilogy commenced. There one takes in the glorious and to this day unspoiled view that Clytemnestra did on that night 4,000 years ago when she first saw the V-day message flashed so dramatically from Troy across a series of Greek mountain tops. And with American foolhardiness one can walk through the Lion Gate and ascend—as did Agamemnon—to stand on the very spot where Clytemnestra and her lover Aegisthus committed their foul murder.

Then, still dripping from this historical immersion, one can proceed to Epidaurus, the only unaltered theatre that remains in Greece from 2,400 years during which the country has been occupied and contaminated by several foreign powers. In this 18,000-seat open-air wonder, whose remarkable acoustics have the best engineers scratching their heads, the tragedy now translated into modern Greek (as different from the classic language as modern English is from Beowulf) is performed. Into the circle in front of a wide stage trudge a chorus of old men preoccupied with the disaster attendant to the prolonged Trojan war and fears about its aftermath. This chorus—and later its female counterpart—moves as gracefully as a fleet of sailboats and yet the quality of their movement and posture bears marvelous relation to the mood and substance of their speech. Soon Agamemnon with his captive mistress Cassandra enter in a chariot drawn by soldiers. And this insult—although the old customs apparently permitted a king the barbarism of appearing before his wife with his concubine—brings a fevered delight to Clytemnestra, whose plot to kill Agamemnon now is given more personal incentive and excuse. With the nurtured ecstasy of anticipation, she dissembles a hypocritical show of love and fidelity for her returning husband and, like a watchful spider, leads him up the red carpet to his doom.

This scene is the most effective of the trilogy and brings out much of the best in what the National Theatre of Greece has accomplished in its campaign to make the ancient plays effective to moderns. Most importantly, it is an action in which something really appears to be happening emotionally within the performance. Also, it is played out in the open stage surrounded on three sides by an encircling audience. And it is remarkable to see how the strip of carpet unrolled diagonally to form a secant rather than a diameter transforms the complacent symmetry of the theatre into a more vital and interesting setting.

There are other moments which suggest that something remains to be done in the direction of making these old dramas even more stimulating to us. The present theatre has a temporary stage behind the circle, whose inadequacy is particularly noticeable when the results of the off-stage violence are displayed in restricted glimpses with stretcher-bearers awkwardly bringing an unidentified corpse to a narrow doorway. Happily, this is being remedied by the archeologists who are in the process of reconstructing the original stage from its scattered remnants. It is to be hoped that the director will be encouraged to avoid playing so much of the action on the rear and distant stages and—even though the crowd likes it—to avoid the DeMille touches in which drama sometimes takes a back seat to spectacle.

The "Oresteia," plus "Cyclops," "The Frogs," "Antigone" and "Oedipus Coloneus," which are to be performed at Epidaurus on successive weekends, will move to the Greco-Roman theatre of Herodes Atticus in Athens in late July and August, and will offer a fine opportunity for the serious theatregoer not only to see some of the world's great dramatic literature on its home field, but also to think about the perplexing and yet unsolved problems attendant to their staging in our time. The Greek National Theatre has found some of the answers, and is to be complimented for having fought against the stultifying effects of tradition which, in so many countries, turns national theatres into national museums.

—HENRY HEWES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

And the Livin' Is Easy

TIGHT LITTLE ISLE—Having been advised the other day by printed advice that New York is not only a Summer Festival but a Summer *Rum* Festival, we proceeded to the local branch of Trader Vic's and mounted the stairs to a Polynesian attic called the Admiral's Cabin. There we found a smoke-filled rum-filled room knee-deep in flacks pushing: 1) Rum; 2) Puerto Rico; 3) Trader Vic's; and 4) New York's Summer Festival. That old salt—I think I've spelled that correctly—Earl Wilson, was alternately sampling the rum and interviewing pretty girls over the microphone. The very next morning we found in our mail another advice from the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau in cooperation with the Bourbon Institute inviting us to participate in selecting the official drink for "New York is Summer Festival." We've come to the conclusion—heck, we suspected it all along—that New York in summer is barely tolerable if you stay plastered.

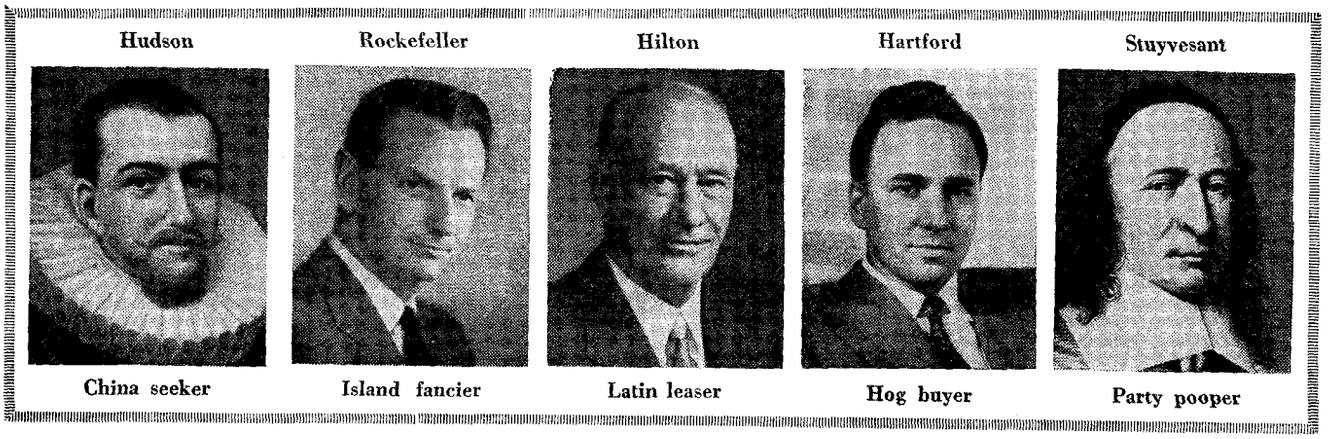
BUCK FEVER—The announcement by Huntington Hartford, whose public-relations office suggests that he is an "art patron and financier," that he is planning a development in the Bahamas certainly indicates a trend. The wealthy who don't know what to do with their money are sinking it in the resort and hotel business, as witness Mr. Laurance Rockefeller, who started with Caneel Bay Plantation, the lovely development in the Virgin Islands, spread to the bulk of the island of St. John, which he later turned back to the government as a National Park, and crossed the Caribbean Sea to invade Puerto Rico with a beautiful golf course and an expensive hotel overlooking the sea. I don't bring into this the matter of Jackson Hole, in Wyoming, since it was a project originated by Mr. Rockefeller's father, John D., Jr. Mr. Laurance has been cruising through the Caribbean looking at properties here and there for future development. He has taken options on forty acres of beach property on the British Island of Virgin Gorda. Brother David has bought perhaps for personal development, on the French atoll of St. Bartholomew where the French branch of the Rothschilds is also said to have resort ideas. Other rumors have them buying in Guadeloupe and in Puerto Rico.

Compared to banking and board-of-director-meeting attending, resort owning is nice outdoor work, and we look for its ranks to be joined by other young financiers. Mr. Hartford has bought four-fifths of Hog Island off Nassau which, we suppose, makes him the Hog butcher of the Bahamas. Mr. Hartford says that it is the intention of his wife and himself to make Hog Island a "dignified vacation resort attractive to Europeans and Americans alike." Specifically ruled out will be automobiles, roulette wheels, and honky-tonks. Probably there won't be any supermarkets either. "We expect people of quality from all walks of life," Mr. Hartford says. "For example we will welcome artists, and writers as well as socialites and diplomats, teachers and scientists, as well as sportsmen and students." Charging a proper rate for these people of quality, who extend all along the income bracket from teacher to socialite, seems to us to present something of a problem, as does the business of selecting them in the first place. Come to think of it, we're all for the next financier opening a lovely vacation place for people who haven't any quality at all and would just like to get their kids out of the hot city (or the cold city) for a week or two without mortgaging their inlays.

The transfer of the 700 acres on Hog Island means the land has passed to Mr. Hartford from Axel Wenner-Gren, the Swedish industrialist, who bought it for development a few years ago. Mr. Wenner-Gren, who attracted a critical press during the war years for allegedly trafficking with the Germans, also owns nearby Andros Island where he has a club for quality people frequented by very few students, teachers, or scientists.

Mr. Hartford, who has oceans of money from his family's enterprise, the A. & P. stores, established a colony of writers and artists at Pacific Palisades, California, in 1949, and a few years later bought the Lux Radio Playhouse in Hollywood. He transformed this home of soap operas into a legitimate theater which, by coincidence, is now called the Huntington Hartford Theater. On the edge of the opposite ocean Mr. Hartford has announced plans to build an art gallery in New York and has also established a Handwriting Institute, which is busy conducting research into the correlation between handwriting and personality characteristics. Do you read me, Sam?

SWITCH—Juan March, a banker who went into the resort business not long ago and made a considerable splash with a unique Acapulco establishment called Las Brisas, is heading back to the vaults. He has leased his wonderful pink venture on the hillside to Conrad Hilton. March's enterprise shook up the resort industry and attracted the customers [see *SR* March 8, 1958]. He built handsome cottages all over the hillside high above the sea in the cool altitudes outside Acapulco. In each he installed a marble bath, an ice-box, and a bar. The ice-box was stocked with fruit, cold drinks, and mineral wa-



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ter. The bar was stocked with half-bottles of assorted firewater and you paid for it as and if you used it. Each morning a boy padded silently onto your terrace and left a thermos container of coffee and a basket of honey rolls. When you rose, you took the fruit out of the ice-box and had breakfast on the terrace looking across at the bay of Acapulco. March built thirty-six private little swimming pools attached to some of the cottages and you could spend the day splashing there, but he also installed a whole pink beach club with pink concrete arms, pink mattresses, and pink-garbed hostesses all reachable by a pink jeep ride down the hill.

One hopes, as so many hoped when Hilton bought the Plaza in New York, that Las Brisas will stay as sweet as it was. Hilton vows it will. Hilton's emergence into the resort business (he is also going into Hawaii) flies in the face of a vow he made when he sold off three hotels in Bermuda many years ago. "We will never be in the resort field," he is quoted as having said at the time. However, the natural course of traffic has suffered in Mexico when the Aleman interests with which he was aligned failed to come up with enough cash to finish the Acapulco hotel, which was supposed to be fed customers by the Continental Hilton in Mexico City. Now he ought to pay to have the skeleton of the Aleman structure torn down. It still stands unfinished by the bay, an eyesore and a bad name for the Hilton string.

FULLY BOOKED—No horse was ever touted by more professional tipsters than the book called "New York Places and Pleasures," by Kate Simon. We have finally bought a ticket at the $3.95 window ($1.95 paper back), and we think we have a winner. New York's history is tossed off tersely and with good humor in a fast seven or eight pages, which contains incidental intelligence that I had forgot or never knew. Such as: New York was discovered by Henry Hudson's error. He sailed up river looking for a route to China. Peter Stuyvesant was a roaring reactionary who took away the people's amusements and stomped on religious freedom and political opposition. How New York ever grew despite the draft riots and the riotous grafting is a mystery, but it did and is. It seems to me that Kate Simon has put down all the things I would like to tell a visitor about New York but would never think of all at once. There are some perceptive thumbnail asides on New York waiters, salesgirls—I could cheerfully choke the biddies—cab drivers, and bus drivers (I haven't much affection for them either). The pages are chock-a-block with such gems as where to eat if you find yourself at the end of Staten Island, God forbid; where to get Kosher meatballs and spaghetti; or for that matter, where to buy meat on a Sunday. I have taken note of the address of this butcher, as well as where to get a shower in Manhattan for fifty cents.

Most useful are the restaurant listings and I was pleased to see such little-known nooks as La Scala, Rocco's, and Marchi's cropping up on Miss Simon's rundown. I take issue, and then only mildly, with some restaurants that she puts down as "moderate" in price, notably Argenteuil. It is one of the best in town, but it's expensive. I could scarcely have been more surprised to find out in the list of events that they bless the fleet at Coney Island every year. A section on bargains turns up such well-known (to New Yorkers) places as Loehmann's for ladies' dresses, and such unknown addresses as the place to buy old baked goods, shark meat, and unclaimed laundry. Useful for New Yorkers, indispensable for visitors, and a real find for anyone who has been looking all over town for a place to buy boccie balls or to sign up for Chinese brushwork lessons.

ANY OLD PORT AUTHORITY IN A STORM—For the third time in as many recent arrivals at the splendid new arrivals building at Idlewild, we have been dazzled at the organization. Whisked through Public Health, detained only momentarily at Immigration, we've gone skidding into Customs to find our baggage waiting for us. Nor on the busiest days, has there even been much of a wait for a Customs officer, a type who has grown knowledgeable, yea, even humane through the years. But it all ends right there. Although the varied forces of the government have combined to work smoothly we have had to sit and wait every time for a porter. The other day, inbound from Rome at an early hour and confessedly a bit tired, we finally rolled off our own baggage in an untended cart only to be stopped at the Customs door not by a Customs officer, but by the authoritarian police of the Port Authority. Passengers may not use baggage trucks unless they are propelled by porters, quoth the Authority authority. Five planes had landed virtually at once and there was exactly one porter working in

IMPORTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY, NEW YORK. SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the glass Customs shed. This untoward situation is the airlines' fault, declared the didactic fellow, quoting the Port's party line in the true Port manner. Now that the Port Authority has huffed and puffed and finally delivered its new arrivals building and the government officers have fallen into line, maybe it can make the supreme effort and either marshal the requisite number of porters or provide the public with some method of fetching their own baggage out to the curb.

► Jolt from Geneva: The AAA blames the cancellations of well over 100 foreign cars, which tourists were to have purchased and picked up abroad, on the insolubility of the Geneva impasse. Transatlantic ships are down 30,000 passengers for the first four months of the year. Air is up, but gloommongers hang that increase on the jets.

► Foreign Service: Friend of ours stopped in Chicago on the way back from Mexico City. Marvelous hotel in Mexico City, the fellow said. Air-conditioned, low rate, room service comes up in a whiz, and the waiters speak English. Ran into headwinds at Chicago, however, where a well-known commercial hotel asked him $24 a night for a single room, the room service took forever, and the waiter didn't speak English.

—Horace Sutton.

Picture credits for page 27:
Hudson: *Culver;* Rockefeller: *Gabor Eder;* Hilton: *Fabian Bachrach;* Stuyvesant: *Culver.*

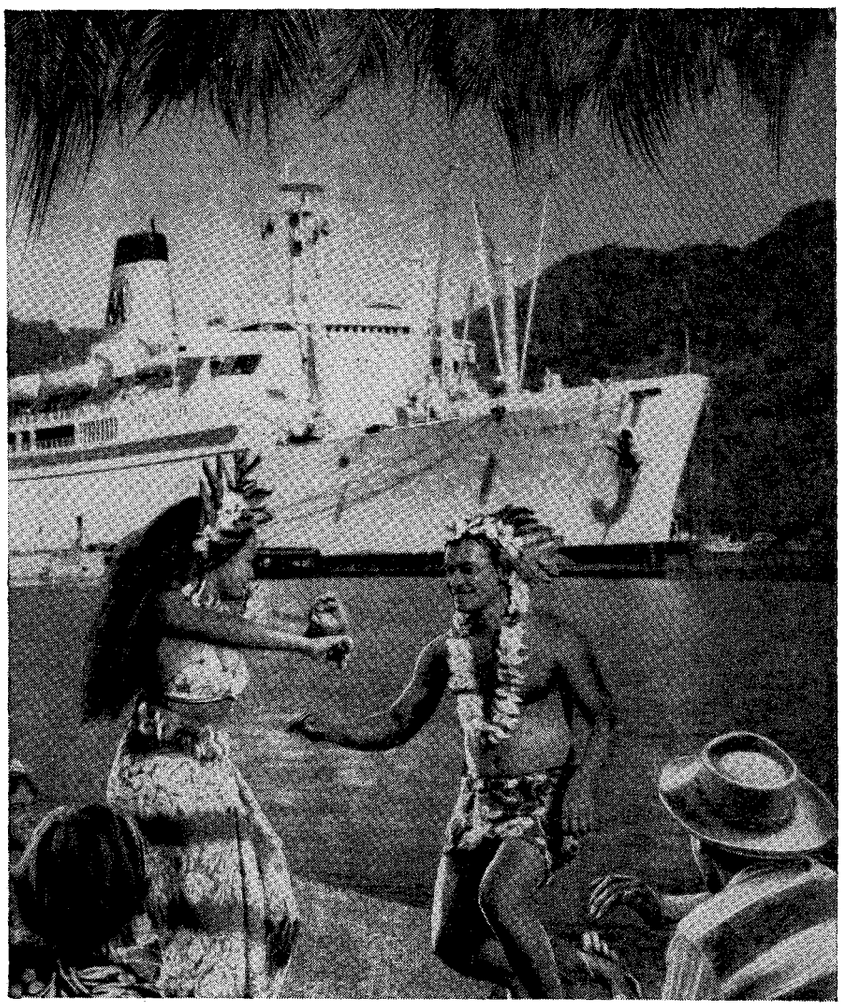
Want an interesting vacation?

See classified ads page 36.

BEEN TO ROME?
GOING TO ROME?
Yes or no . . .
you'll want to read
Dear Friends and Darling Romans

MARY CHAMBERLIN
an American girl who went for three weeks and stayed three years tells all about learning to do as the Romans do. Illus. $3.95 **THE PERFECT GIFT**
LIPPINCOTT

SAIL Matson the voyage is a vacation, the ports are a plus



SAIL THIS FALL TO SOUTH PACIFIC
PORTS OF PARADISE
TAHITI • NEW ZEALAND • AUSTRALIA • FIJI • SAMOA • HAWAII
SS MARIPOSA • SS MONTEREY
Sailings from California: Sept. 20 (45-day Bonus Cruise, calls at Brisbane) Oct. 11 (45-day Bonus Cruise, calls at Melbourne), Nov. 8, Nov. 30, Dec. 27.

Fall is the time to see "Down Under" at its Springtime best! Lead the life of a beachcomber deluxe amid Matson luxury...visit thrilling, exotic ports off the beaten path, all for as little as $1035 round trip.

- Limited to less than 360 passengers—all in First Class
- All staterooms with temperature control, private bath, radio
- Fully air-conditioned. Underwater fins for smooth sailing
- Unsurpassed cuisine and service—all included in your fare
- Swimming pool, theater, full program of shipboard entertainment
- As little as $25 a day for the complete 42-day round trip
- Optional shore excursions. Stopovers permitted en route
- Sailings every 3 weeks from San Francisco or Los Angeles
- Space available. Book Now. See your Travel Agent

For a preview of your cruise, see "Cinerama South Seas Adventure"

SAIL Matson FIRST IN THE PACIFIC
BETWEEN CALIFORNIA, HAWAII, SOUTH PACIFIC
MATSON NAVIGATION COMPANY • THE OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY
New York, Chicago, Dallas, San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, B.C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theory, Vienna; Technique, Kansas

"Theory of Psychoanalytic Technique," by Karl Menninger *(Basic Books. 206 pp. $4.75), looks behind the couch at some of the psychodynamic principles employed in mental therapy. The study's value for the layman is considered by Jacob Arlow, M.D., president-elect of the American Psychoanalytic Association.*

By Jacob Arlow

IN MANY respects, the Menningers are a phenomenon unique in American medicine. During a time when official psychiatry in this country regarded psychoanalysis as esoteric, alien nonsense, the Menningers succeeded in establishing in agrarian Kansas a great center for the study and treatment of mental illness according to the psychological theories of Sigmund Freud. Outside the professions, psychoanalysis remained foreign to the broad American public until Karl Menninger, among others, wrote a series of popular expositions clarifying psychoanalytic concepts. Written in a straightforward and practical style, these books by Menninger made the Viennese-bred ideology seem as close, as indigenous, and as palatable as apple pie. Small wonder, then, that the appearance of a book by Karl Menninger becomes a literary occasion.

There are additional reasons for the intense interest on the part of the general public in a new work by a leading psychoanalyst. The intellectual climate of our time has accorded a special position to the insights made possible by psychoanalysis. With certain groups at the periphery of the psychoanalytic movement, an unmistakable tendency may be discerned to transform psychoanalysis into a cult. Some of our intellectuals, apprehensive over what Norman Cousins has called the "desensitization of twentieth-century man," have sought to find in psychoanalysis the basis for a new morality, for a scientific ethic which would equate evil with neurosis and salvation with deliverance from internal conflict.

This segment of the populace will not find what it is looking for in Menninger's latest book, for the author has addressed himself to an entirely different audience. "The Theory of Psychoanalytic Technique" is a technical book. It was written for students preparing to practise psychoanalysis as a profession. "It is a book—about theory," writes Menninger. "It is not a manual of practice but an examination of some of the psychodynamic princples operative in the practice." Consideration of the fine points of psychoanalytic therapy may be reserved for the professional expert, but the reader who has a general idea of the theory of neuroses and of the fundamentals of psychoanalytic psychology will find much that is enlightening, reassuring and, at times, inspiring.

This book is quite free from the polemical stridor which unfortunately pervades many popular descriptions of analytic technique. On sound dynamic grounds Menninger cautions against an excessively artistic and intuitive approach to interpretation, as well as against an overly rigid, highly organized "ultra-scientific" attitude. Menninger cites the various technical approaches advocated by different authorities, and in his usual lucid and pragmatic spirit indicates why he rejects, supports, or questions the value of each specific technique.

The wide range of differences among Freudian analysts over questions of technique and theory may come as a surprise to many. If this book generates such sentiments, and it certainly should, so much the better. The same holds true of many of the practical facets of psychoanalytic technique with which Menninger concerns himself. Psychoanalysis, he says, cannot be carried on in a vacuum. The exigencies of day-to-day living may not be overlooked in favor of some cherished preoccupation such as, for example, childhood sexual traumata.

For the growing number of those who share in common the experience of having been patients in analysis, a knowledge of the interplay of the many complex technical considerations which took place in the mind of their therapists will inspire in turn a sense of awe, amusement, bewilderment, and, perhaps, gratitude. The consistent application of psychoanalytic theory to problems of technique, Menninger demonstrates, is taxing and hazardous and must be carried forward in the face of our limited knowledge and imperfect humanity.

The Inner Self

"Psychoanalysis, Scientific Method, and Philosophy," edited by Sidney Hook *(New York University Press. 370 pp. $5), and* ***"Neurotic Distortion of the Creative Process," by Lawrence S. Kubie M.D.*** *(University of Kansas Press. 151 pp. $3), delve into the status of psychoanalysis today and, in the case of Dr. Kubie's study, reveal new hypotheses about the structure of the human mind. John Sullivan is an experimental psychologist who learned his philosophy and psychology at the universities of Iowa and Minnesota.*

By John Sullivan

ONE OF the least exciting descriptions of our time is that this is an age of symposia and works of slight dimensions. Be the diagnosis as it may, one of the most exciting of recent symposia was that held at New York University last year, reported in "Psychoanalysis, Scientific Method, and Philosophy"; and clearly one of the most provocative formulations of the problems of creativity is contained in the slight volume "Neurotic Distortion of the Creative Process," by Lawrence S. Kubie.

The symposium was organized by Sidney Hook, who—to recall a little history—with Horace Kallen twenty-five years ago brought out a book titled "American Philosophy Today and Tomorrow." The comment is made to indicate something of the modern temper, the drift even in philosophy from the analysis of the problems of philosophy classically conceived to the analysis of psychoanalysis and a philosophic probe into

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the problems of the inner self. Professor Hook has one of those minds sensitive to the polemical opportunities and thus has been energetically engaged, if not as an innovator, at least as a "clarifier" of the important issues of our time. An inventory of the causes he has defended and opposed is a catalogue of the contemporary intellectual problems of the last thirty years. For this reason the attention of Professor Hook to psychoanalysis, although it lags by many years and much thought the study given to the problem by philosophers like Gustav Bergmann and Herbert Feigl, is an indication of the ripeness of the problem of the conceptual status of psychoanalysis.

To expect symposia to generate ideas not originally cranked into the programs by the selection of the participants is to be naïvely optimistic. Although the book is a much edited statement of what actually took place, the members could still be easily identified with their professional stakes and their personal themes in their respective fields. The philosophers, with the exception of one who attacked metaphysics as largely determined by unconscious motivations, took the usual position that psychoanalysis as a doctrine lacked clarity, coherency, and confirmation. To the sociologists the doctrine, in its emphasis on a theory of feeling states and mind lacked an equable balance between these inner states and the outer social behavior and the external eliciting conditions of such behavior.

The psychologists, oddly enough few in number and none a specialist in psychoanalytic theory, stressed need for probabilistic predictions and the experimental verification of psychoanalytic hypotheses. The psychoanalysts were clearly outclassed as theoreticians and methodologists but seemed to be the only ones with much substantial presentation of the psychoanalytic doctrines as interpreted in orthodox circles today. While claiming large domains for their theories, they freely admitted the looseness of their formulations. The philosophers, when not bickering among themselves, gave the analysts Lecture I (and done brilliantly by Nagel) on the problems of theory construction.

Let it be said that however familiar their themes, men of the rank of Ernest Nagel, Philipp Frank, Raphael Demos, Professor Hook, Michael Scriven, Abram Kardiner, Heinz Hartmann, and Dr. Kubie are a good sample of the East Coast intellect. The fruition of the symposium will come, if it comes, in the next five years as the various positions presented are studied and given long thought.

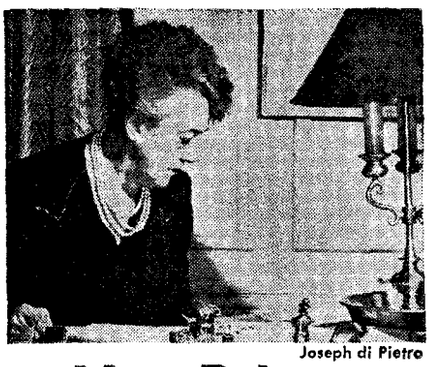
Lawrence Kubie's book vigorously attacks the thesis that the unconscious is the source of creativity. This ridiculous doctrine is probably best viewed as a perception that reason and consciousness do not define completely the creative process and what is presumably left out is based upon the description of mind on the assumption of a conscious-unconscious polarity. Kubie hypothesizes that all behavior is a blend of three processes: the conscious, the preconscious, and the unconscious. Creativity, rather clearly seen as the novel combination or relating of elements, depends upon the flux of the preconscious system. The preconscious, he holds, is inhibited by too much dominance by reality and consciousness (the practical mind) at one extreme and by blind drives and the repetition compulsion (the neurotic and psychotic mind) on the other.

The trick of such theorizing is to assert the reality of such systems as the conscious, preconscious, and the unconscious—Freud's theory of mind in his middle period—and give each appropriate properties to make it fit the clinical observations. This is at best a scholastic enterprise until the properties of these systems are capable of independent specification, but it is not useless for it embodies directives of what to look for in research on these systems and is thus capable of confirmation or disproof. Since a careful inspection of Freud's metapsychological papers and the Kubie proposals for the same systems reveal that the two are not in complete agreement, we will have to wait for the evidence of these systems to come in before the definitive formulations can be proposed.

Although we can withhold conclusive agreement about the correspondence of Kubie's hypotheses to the structure of mind and the creative process, his formulations are credible and genuinely creative. Whether or not the distortions of the creative process are uniquely predicted by his theory, his clinical comments are fascinating. The failure of most writers on creativity is due to their rather flat, thin, gray, simple, tired statements of the problem and observations of the creative processes. Kubie's book recommends itself by its lively style, richness of example, and basic novelty.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 15, 7, 10, 6, 4, 1, 11, 12, 5, 14, 13, 3, 9, 16, 2, 8.



Joseph di Pietro

Mary Roberts Rinehart

Mrs. Rinehart's most exciting heroine is now in a thrilling, big-value omnibus volume perfect for your summer reading pleasure. Two novelettes and two novels — *The Buckled Bag, Locked Doors, Haunted Lady,* and *Miss Pinkerton* — about the amazing nurse-detective Hilda Adams.

MISS PINKERTON

Only $3.95

RINEHART

Behind the Iron Curtain with two British babes in the Balkan woods—whose vacation tour unexpectedly turns into an E. Phillips Oppenheim adventure. "A vigorous, lively and entertaining narrative." —Harper's Magazine $3.95

DRAGOMAN PASS

By ERIC WILLIAMS

author of The Wooden Horse

Coward-McCann

FOR SALE NEAR GETTYSBURG

Swimming Pond, Stream, Comfortable Home, Greenhouse

Overlooking a quiet stream, this picturesque 3-level farmhouse is surrounded by woodland alive with game and songbirds. Modern conveniences skillfully installed in 8 big rooms; huge stone fireplace; handforged hardware. Stable-garage has 2nd floor for guest apartment. Greenhouse, swimming pond. $74,500. Ask for SR-607239.

PREVIEWS INC. 49 E. 53rd St., New York 22. PL 8-2630
1518 Walnut St., Philadelphia 2. PE 5-1400

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Please send the address at which copies are now being received, as well as the new address, when notifying us of an address change. Allow four weeks for the changeover. Include postal zone number, if any.

SATURDAY REVIEW
Circulation Department
25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Wide World.*

At John D. Rockefeller's funeral are (l to r): his son, John D. Jr., and grandsons David, Nelson, Winthrop, Laurance, and John D. III.

Personal History

Continued from page 21

the Rockefellers *plus* Mr. Manchester, it would seem, at first blush, a case of a little learning being a dangerous thing. To Mr. Manchester's credit, however, his book does not depend on *anyone's* opinion of John D. Furthermore, the book itself is only 184 pages long. But in that space the author has managed, skilfully and fairly, not only to contribute a good deal of new information on the Rockefellers (mostly by personal interviews with the present brothers) but also to synthesize, again skilfully and fairly, the host of previous books and magazine articles on his subject.

"Any man," Will Durant once said, "who sells his soul to synthesis will be a tragic target for a myriad merry darts of specialist critique." So too must Mr. Manchester. But even if he does get such darts, he is well equipped to answer them. For at least the first three-quarters of this book is as capably written as anything that has passed this writer's desk in some time. And if the latter part seems rather disorganized and to involve some repeat, this is probably due to the fact that the project was originally commissioned by *Holiday* and is, therefore, a series of magazine articles first, and a book second.

Nonetheless, here is the whole kit and kaboodle—the Foundation, the Institute, Rockefeller Center, and Williamsburg, as well as the whole family, from old "Big Bill" (father of John D.), who used to warn his sons to "never mind the crowd" down (or rather up) to the boys who, with an able assist from the late Ivy Lee (who might have been given a *little* more space than one sentence, it seems) do indeed "mind the crowd"—"ascetic" John D., III, "imaginative" Nelson, "inventive" Laurance, "fun-loving" Winthrop, and "studious" David. This reviewer disagrees with certain statements—such as, "All told, John D. probably did more for more people than his son"—and this reviewer would also have preferred a bit more attention to the late Abby Aldrich (the mother of the present brothers and, in our personal opinion, one of the greatest gals who ever lived), but these critiques merely bring us back again to the "myriad merry darts."

FLESH-AND-BLOOD LEGEND: Like many outspoken men of genius, the late Frank Lloyd Wright, architect *extraordinaire* by any standard (by his own view, the greatest of our time), was a victim of that phenomenon of journalism that tends, in such cases, to meld the individual with the legend. Architectural studies excepted, the result has been an endless stream of magazine-cover stories, profiles, and vignettes about him, each seemingly vying with the other to record his latest *bon mot* or the most recent example of Wright's arrogant behavior.

It is now rather refreshing—though not necessarily satisfactory—to come across **"Our House,"** by his wife, Olgivanna Lloyd Wright (Horizon, $4.50), which neither crackles with his sarcasm nor erupts with tales of his irascible idiosyncrasies. For, as pictured by Mrs. Wright, Mr. Wright emerges—beneath the halo of wifely pride, to be sure—as a sort of mild, somewhat fussy, transcendental-type philosopher who delivers highly cerebrated, but not always highly original, comments to his students and guests on such topics as William Jennings Bryan ("he was defeated by plutocratic power"), love ("love of an idea is love of God. Understanding is love."), and, somewhat paradoxically considering the legend, wit ("Never," he admonished his students, "let anybody catch you being witty for the sake of being witty.").

Nevertheless, though pitched throughout in the same saccharine key, there are some glimpses of the familiar—and often delightful—egocentricity, most notably the story of Wright, assisted by his reluctant and horrified wife, secretly remodeling by night a bust of himself which is being worked on by day by the sculptor Stonorov. When Stonorov discovered the travesty, Wright shamelessly transferred the blame to his wife, admitting only that he had helped slightly.

While Wright, inevitably, is the focal point of "Our House," he is not the bulk of the book, which, in an episodic way, also tells about the Taliesin Fellowship, the famous school of architecture and allied arts set up by the Wrights, which is a way of life as well, drawing students from all over the world. In addition, there are Olgivanna Wright's opinions on everything from pills and psychoanalysts to pets. And this, alas, is the rub. It is the cross most wives of famous men have to bear that their personal opinions are by and large inconsequential alongside their spouses'. —IOLA HAVERSTICK.

A Flame to Her Son

"Yes, Mrs. Williams: A Personal Record of My Mother," by William Carlos Williams *(McDowell-Obolensky. 143 pp. $3.50), is a brief memoir of the poet's mother, followed by a selection of notes and jottings of her conversation taken down by the poet in the last years of his mother's life. John Ciardi is, of course, the poetry editor of the* Saturday Review.

By John Ciardi

RAQUEL Hélène Rose Hoheb Williams, the mother of poet and doctor William Carlos Williams, must have been a fascinating woman. Born in Puerto Rico, educated briefly in Paris, and then settled in Rutherford, New Jersey, she seems to have lived a quiet but entirely valiant life, well seasoned with the mortal wit of her French-Spanish background. It was characteristic of this remarkable woman that she had no real sense of her own date of birth, dying at an age when she was held to be vaguely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eightyish, only to have her poet-son discover from the records in the Cathedral in Mayagüez, Puerto Rico, that she was actually 102 when she died.

A woman of invisible age! Small wonder that her great son found himself fascinated by the brilliance of her flame and was moved to set down these fragments from her conversation in an effort to record the living fact of her spirit.

> That it is good and that my mother is good by virtue of these things that she had taught me, I live largely to exemplify as best I may. If I speak of the good, not a single word of truth is presumed here—nothing but the words I know and set down for what they may be worth . . . if they are worth anything it will be in how closely they are able to approach all that which she, in herself, was and lived.

The trouble is—and Williams as a master of fiction as well as of poetry certainly realizes it with that other side of himself—that simple recording will never capture that *experienceable illusion of personality* which is the essence of achieved writing. In art, the thing-itself, cannot simply be stated: it must be created into form. As it stands, this memoir consists of not much more than a series of disconnected jottings, many of them actually scribbled on the backs of envelopes. What the reader finds is this remark and that remark, and always that glimpse of a personality he hungers to know, but never the full dimension of that personality, and never the recreated scene of the happening.

Raquel Williams—fascinated her son by the brilliance of her flame.

To be sure, the process of recreating the scene of the happening would inevitably involve some minimum fictionalization, and it is exactly such fictionalization Williams insists on avoiding. But the price is a certain dullness: the reader cannot be brought to be as interested in the material as was the author.

Everything a master poet writes is important, but not all is primary. "Yes, Mrs. Williams" must go down as a secondary book, a book full of valuable clues to the true identity of a fascinating man and poet, and a book that scholars will certainly mine with necessary interest, but not a book for the general reader.

DEVOUT AND DEVOTED. There were more spectacular heroines of the French Revolution than Adrienne, granddaughter of the Duc Maréchal de Noailles, but none, surely, more valiant or poignant. It is high time to rescue this self-effacing wife from behind the façade of her husband's fame, and Constance Wright does it admirably in **"Madame de Lafayette"** (Holt, $4.50). Wed at fourteen to the sixteen-year-old nobleman, Adrienne made him the center of her passionate devotion. But marriage to the open-handed, adventurous young idealist entailed loneliness of heart and soul. Still in his teens, he sailed for America to give military and financial help to the freedom-seeking colonists. France acclaimed him a hero and snared him in the gilded mesh of public honors and duties. He formed romantic attachments. And, despite his devout wife's prayers, he did not share her faith.

Then the fortunes of the Revolution made an exile and a pauper of the hero. Lafayette became the Austrians' prisoner at noisome Olmütz; his wife was imprisoned in France; her sister, mother, and grandmother were guillotined. Nevertheless, throughout her own sufferings Adrienne's one aim was to free her husband. Since the Lafayette estates had been confiscated, she was hampered by lack of money. Finally she obtained permission to live with her husband in prison. Here, at last, she had him to herself, and he returned her love. After his release she managed to regain some of his property and negotiate his return to France. A few idyllic years together, and it was time for her untimely farewell: "Then you have loved me! How happy I am!"

The scholarly Miss Wright is compassionate and restrained, but her biography reads like a suspenseful novel of the French Revolution. Best of all, she does perceptive justice to the spirit of one of history's gallant women. —ANN F. WOLFE.

Bruckberger

Continued from page 12

What Bruckberger is chiefly talking about, then, is the difference between European dogmatism and American experimentalism, and his sympathies are wholly with the latter. Historians are likely to insist that his analysis of the American character ignores many relevant considerations, and this may be true, but I am inclined to think that he has nonetheless come close to the heart of the matter. At least American experimentalism made a good showing for itself in that crucial test we call the Great Depression. In the Thirties I belonged to the not inconsiderable minority who had become convinced that salvation lay in the Marxist-Leninist system. To me the evidence is now overwhelming that we were wrong, wrong not merely about Marx and Lenin but wrong about the efficacy of systems and wrong in our distrust of the American people, our lack of faith in their resourcefulness.

The book makes one proud to be an American, but it is far from encouraging smugness. Bruckberger has written a new chapter for the present edition, "A Letter to Americans." It begins on the high note on which the book proper ends: "America has given me a hope for man's future that I did not have before." But then he plunges into a statement of America's responsibilities that is a chilling antidote to self-satisfaction. "Now, Americans, your task is to extend the Declaration of Independence to the whole world, to all nations and all races. If you are to remain worthy of your heritage, you must now help solve the social problem between proletarian and capitalist nations, and the racial problem between white and colored peoples." Although he does no more than glance at the difficulties involved, he says enough to make any American wonder whether he and his fellow-countrymen are capable of doing the job.

As Peter Drucker observes in his introduction to the volume, "Image of America," which was written to help Europeans to understand America, can help us to understand both America and Europe. It is a book to give us the kind of perspective we need, and the fact that the author is a warm friend of the United States compels us to listen attentively when he speaks of our shortcomings. The book helps us to clarify our conception of the national past, and it persuades us to think soberly about the national future. It should be widely read, and I think it will be.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stereotype

Continued from page 11

seemed to be frightened of their own shadows and particularly of their own voices. They would wait for a cue from Forbes or the food fellow or the motor-car magnate before daring to mouth the simplest expression, as if they lived in mortal fear of saying the wrong thing—the 'wrong thing' being, I soon sensed, what displeased the advertiser."

Almost the only other persons in this radio-TV literature who count for much, other than the tycoon-type, are, in fact, advertising representatives and news commentators. Commentators usually are the hero-protagonists, launching their fight for freedom of speech and ideas against the restrictive influence of commercialism as represented by sponsors and ad men.

Vic Norman, hero of "The Hucksters," is one of these latter. He is a sharp fellow, who is responsible for the attitudes that extend over into a wider-reaching stereotype—that of the Madison Avenue operative who now shows up in all kinds of public relations, including politics. Here is a sample of Mr. Norman's mind at work:

"He finished breakfast and began dressing, very carefully, for this was an important meeting. He looked at his suits, narrowed his choice down to a flannel and a sharkskin. Both suits had cost one hundred and fifty dollars, and he debated which one better looked the price. He decided on the sharkskin.

"A white unhollywood-looking shirt, of course. He wanted to look sincere and businesslike. Most of his ties were strictly from Charvet and Sulka and the Countess Mara. Far too loud for a really sincere person. So he put on a plain black knitted one, and finally the shoes he'd bought in London. Those shoes were the god-damnedest sincerest looking shoes in all of New York."

"Sincerity," as Vic Norman here uses it, has become established as a special meaning of the word—in colloquial usage, at any rate. There is even wide acceptance of hucksters as "a good name for an advertising man—a high class huckster who had a station wagon instead of a pushcart."

Thus, the prevailing stereotypes in radio and television are strongly based in portions of the industry not immediately and directly concerned with the processes of communication. The influence of the sponsor and the advertiser overshadows all else to the point where Vic Norman's advice to a young man with ideas about new and better program material is to "concentrate on putting the right kind of crap in the show you already work on." He concedes that "it ain't art, but it's good radio."

What is the importance of these new and altered stereotypes in the literature of the mass media?

The process of change, it is true, is never ending. New stereotypes may appear and take charge of public attitudes almost overnight. If and when Jean-Paul Sartre's comedy "Nekrassov" comes to Broadway, for example, it could very quickly create one in the person of M. Mouton, chairman of the board of directors of *Paris Soir*. M. Mouton—"like a sheep"—is a skilfully created representation of the titan of the press who is reduced to near hysteria when he is told his name isn't to be found on a bogus list of Frenchmen whose execution has been ordered by the Kremlin in the event of Communist seizure of power in France. As the man in dire need of continual bolstering of his status as an anti-something or other, M. Mouton is a logical and altogether too convincing stereotype of "cold-war" journalism. Yet, in general, stereotypes do much mischief. The Commission on Freedom of the Press, said twelve years ago, in 1947:

"People make decisions in large part in terms of favorable or unfavorable images. They relate fact and opinion to stereotypes. Today the motion picture, the radio, the book, the magazine, the newspaper and the comic strip are principal agents in creating and perpetuating these conventional conceptions. When the images they portray fail to present the social group truly, they tend to pervert judgment."

Robert M. Hutchins and his distinguished associates surely would extend this fair and reasonable assessment to defend the mass media, here justly criticized for the part they have played, and still play, in "creating and perpetuating" concepts which are not representative. Certainly they would agree that stereotypes based on a relatively limited part of the whole are as unfair in the one instance as in the other.

To talk about newspapers in terms of the ethics and practices of William Randolph Hearst is to assure the same sort of perversion of accurate concepts promoted in respect to many social groups by the Hearst newspapers, among others.

To see magazines wholly as products of the techniques of Henry R. Luce for handling news in "a certain way" is to fall into the same sort of deliberate distortion that characterizes the Luce-*Time* stereotype.

George Washington Hill undoubtedly has been an important influence in radio. At least he personifies a force that has been important. But it hardly represents all of radio's development, or television's, to study one man's gaucheries.

In relation to the power the mass media do represent in the United States today, it is doubly dangerous to study the problems in terms of these stereotypes, which have left their mark on so much of the thinking about the influence of mass communications on individuals and institutions.

One of the gravest dangers (already suggested in relation to newspapers and magazines) is that of doing battle with lesser evils than others which exist. The futility of waging full-scale war against the peculiar kind of sensationalism the Hearst stereotype represents, or the giant newspaper chains associated with it, is at once apparent to the informed critic of American newspapers today.

To understand the nature and degree of power exercised by the mass media, it is necessary to concentrate on events and trends which have made their impact felt in a period no longer than a couple of decades. The Hearst-Luce-Hill stereotypes have only incidental relation to these new problems.

THE newspaper as a source of personal power always will represent a kind of problem. It isn't nearly so serious a threat to the healthy functioning of the press in the United States as is the newspaper as a source of financial profit. Substituting the cash register for the conscience—even the sometimes misguided conscience—of newspapers represents a potentially disastrous consequence facing the public in relation to the press today. Combined with the shrinkage in numbers of newspapers, it becomes a major menace. Trying to fight this in terms of the Hearst stereotype is as effective as trying to cure a patient who has an inflamed appendix by giving him a dose of laxative.

It is much the same elsewhere. The grave danger isn't that magazines may seek to wrap opinion in fact, but that they eschew opinion altogether lest it offend. Or that they seek to follow the tastes and convictions of their readers rather than lead them.

And as for radio and television, it isn't so much the advertiser's insistence on irritating commercials that should worry us as the whole industry's making it a first concern that neither entertainment nor advertising shall irritate anybody.

If stereotypes are helpful at all, the mass media need to be represented by a new set of them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates per insertion 50¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 42¢ per word; 26 times 44¢ per word; 13 times 46¢ per word; 6 times 48¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

TYPING, professional. Peggy Sweet, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS. Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

BOOK AND BOOKLET PRODUCTION from manuscript to bound copies—without evaluation or merchandising. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, 391 East 149 St., N.Y.C. 55.

TYPING, ELECTRIC. Professional, personal, manuscripts, etc. Betty Baum, TWining 4-1095 NYC.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: accurate, neat, reasonable. TRemont 2-4944 NYC. Box J-312.

BOOKS

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, North Wantagh, N.Y.

THE PAPERBACK BOOKSELLER—"If it's bound in paper—we're bound to have it." 147 Front Street, Hempstead, N.Y. We pay postage.

VERMONT BOOKS, new and old, a specialty. But everything book-wise. Try us in person, phone, or write THE BOOK CELLAR, Brattleboro, Vermont. ALpine 4-5877.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. "Our Wonderful World." 18 volumes. New condition, in original cartons. Value $180. Sell for $120 plus shipping. Box 185, Greenfield, Massachusetts.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUES—scores of beautiful designs. Address Bookplates, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it! CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Ill.

JOHN FRIEND, BOOKFINDER, can get the books you want. Try me first! Box 2570 R, Long Beach 1, California.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

BOOKSEARCHERS! Name it—we find it! VANGUARD BOOKSELLERS, 5880 R Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood 28, California.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low! INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

WE CAN FIND THE BOOKS you want. Maximum speed, minimum cost. QUEENS BOOKS, Box 188, Long Island City 4, New York.

BOOKS ON AFRICA and the Orient. Free catalogue. William H. Allen, Bookseller, 2031 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue. New York's French bookshop, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 50¢.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

FRENCH PERIODICALS. European Publishers, 1007 Times Tower, New York 36.

ITALIAN PERIODICALS. Italian Publishers, Times Tower, New York 36.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS—stock of 1,200,000 back issues. "BACK NUMBER" Wilkins, Danvers, Mass.

ART

BRAQUE "Theogonie." 16 original etchings signed and numbered as published in 1932. FAR Gallery, 746 Madison, NYC 21 (64-65 Street).

CIVIL WAR MATERIAL. AMERICAN HERITAGE, *The Magazine of History*, is seeking illustrative material on the Civil War. We are especially interested in contemporary photographs, drawings, oil paintings, water colors, lithographs or engravings. We are anxious to obtain pictures of unusual or historic interest or those which have never been reproduced before. Information and details concerning illustrations of this sort should be sent to: Richard M. Ketchum, AMERICAN HERITAGE, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

AFRICAN WOOD SCULPTURES, fascinating conversation pieces. Free catalogue. Excell African Specialties, 113 Wellington Hill, Boston 26, Massachusetts.

15th-19th CENTURY Japanese paintings, woodblock color prints. Originals. Surprisingly inexpensive. Box H-972.

LANGUAGES

AT HOME you relax and learn to speak French, Spanish, German, Russian, Japanese, Modern Greek—any of 34 languages available with Linguaphone, The World's Standard Conversational Method. Complete Recorded Courses on FREE trial. Phone Circle 7-0830 for FREE books, FREE trial: No obligation. FREE lesson in our studio. Open daily including Saturday. Linguaphone Institute, South Mezzanine, 54 RCA Building, New York 20.

RECORD MART

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss import, also Dolmetsch, Purcell and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering), $3.95, $5, $6.50 up. Recorder music and methods, contrabass, recorders, spinets. Sperrhake harpsichords, Homer Ledford Kentucky Dulcimers. Free catalogues. 7-9-B, HARGAIL, 157 West 57 St., NYC.

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free list. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, P.O. Box 155A, Verona, New Jersey.

PERSONALS

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer free travel, high salaries. Complete survey all possibilities, government and private—administrative, teaching, secretarial, technical, newspaper—$1.00. Included free "Directory of American Companies in Sixty Countries." Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 26-X, Massapequa Park, N.Y.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 515 Madison Avenue, NYC 22, ELdorado 5-3464.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail prices! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

RECORDERS, LUTES, VIOLS—Baroque woodwinds and brasses. Write Wayne Anderson, 545 West 111th Street, NYC 25.

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS—economical, insured household moving. Vans, station wagons. Any day, any time. The Padded Wagon, ALgonquin 5-8343 NYC.

CHARMING GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive singles and doubles. Newly decorated. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3.50. Moderate weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, etc. List for stamp. Temple, Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16.

SEEK COLLEGE GRADUATE liberal arts background. Interesting, individualized work, nice salary. Box G-184.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, all colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493. NYC.

PERSONALS

JOBS ABROAD FOR TEACHERS, writers, librarians, translators, stenographers, and administrators. Top salaries paid by American and foreign companies, governmental and international organizations. How, when and where to apply, $1.00. Included free "Student Opportunities Abroad." Dorf, 186-PB, Covington Lane, Woodbury, N.J.

PUBLICIST, M.A. sociology, wide experience college publicity, seeks relocation NYC. Box J-135.

COLLEGE GRADUATE. Single, 37. Travel, relocate. Business Administration, Economics. Desires position connected with outdoor activities and sports. Box J-77.

HAVING DRINKING PROBLEM?—Have lodge on private island near Fort Myers. Family atmosphere, understanding care. Facilities available for treatment, relaxation and recovery. Estrellita Lodge, P.O. Box 44, Bokeelia, Florida. OWens 8-2501.

UPI FEATURE WRITER wants magazine, Sunday supplement work. Box J-98.

RETIRED EDUCATOR accepts one or two paying guests weekends. Artistic home, park-like setting. Forty minutes N.Y. Box H-768.

RELAX—A RESORT of distinction. All rooms with private bath. Swimming pool, golf, excellent cuisine, West Point Farms. 40 miles from NYC. Central Valley, New York. WAbash 8-7895.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, Statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondence or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77 St., NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free homestudy course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST FATHERS INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 18 East 76 St., NYC 21.

NEW OPPORTUNITY—GIVES EXTRA MONEY—for you or your organization. Show Masterpieces by Evans, fabulously beautiful Christmas cards. Wonderful assortment for persons, business houses. Send for free luxurious album of 86 magnificent 1959 selections. Also free "Complete Guide For Fund Raising For Your Club." Write: New England Art Publishers, North Abington 764, Massachusetts.

FRENCH, ITALIAN—SPEAK FLUENTLY. Efficient, interesting method. PLaza 3-7092. NYC.

AUTHENTIC SPANISH BULLFIGHT POSTERS 13¾ x 3½ ft. Two for $3. Research Publications, Box 305-A, Wall Street Station, NYC 5.

BRIDGE GAME UNSATISFACTORY? Improve it overnight! Remember every card played with amazing memory aid. $1.00. Psychograph, Box 245, Palo Alto 3, California.

CHILDREN'S AGENCY APPRECIATIVE of fine response to previous ad (May 2). Protestant foster parents within commuting distance NYC needed for children of all ages—some with special needs, some receiving psychiatric treatment. Agency pays board, medical expenses and clothing allowance. Write Box J-188.

GENTLEMAN WILL SHARE beautiful 4 bedroom, 2 bath, country home in Dutchess County, N.Y. 7 acres. Year round. Box J-199.

AGENTS WANTED: Run a spare-time Greeting Card and Gift Shop at home. Show friends samples of our new 1959 Christmas and All Occasion Greeting Cards and Gifts. Take their orders and earn to 100% profit. No experience necessary. Costs nothing to try. Write today for samples on approval. Regal Greetings, Dept. 172, Ferndale, Michigan.

WILL BABY SIT in exchange room/bath, Manhattan, East side. College teacher, Christian, fiftyish. Box J-198.

BOARD, ROOM, BOOKS, TUITION for under $1,000? Impossible! Of course. At Urbana it is $1,080. Write Registrar, Urbana College, Urbana, Ohio.

QUAINT HOUSEWIFE in picturesque New Jersey seeks offers, suggestions to conduct, while partly house-bound, project(s) mildly, wildly remunerative. Read manuscripts, proof, or ? (Ex-reporter, worked for writer, advertising agency, personnel man, many etc.) Box J-307.

CAROL BROWN will be delighted to show you her fabrics . . . stop in Putney, Vermont, US 5.

TRANSLATOR, EXPERIENCED, German into idiomatic English, reasonable rates. Box J-191.

HAWAII HIGH STANDARD COLLEGE preparatory boys' boarding school seeks man, single or married, teach grammar, literature, English, Latin. Education courses *not* required or even desired. Write airmail Box 67, Kamuela, Hawaii, U.S.A.

(Continued on page 36)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 35)

FOR SALE: Juzek viola. 15¾", excellent condition. Also violin suitable beginner. Reasonable. Box J-106.

RECORDERS—all finest makes. Largest music selections. Free catalogues. Recorder Center, Amenia, New York.

"BRUSH UP YOUR SHAKESPEARE." You're invited to attend a free session of Jack Manning's Shakespeare Lab, 145 Bleeker Street, N.Y. Phone PLaza 3-2310 for brochure.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

CAPE COD—3 acres, 400' beach, main, guest, boat houses, studio and barn. $45,000 furnished. Douglas Stewart, Scudder Lane, Barnstable, Massachusetts.

CHARMING 1761 COUNTRY PLACE. Tastefully restored and rebuilt year 'round colonial. Walled garden entrance. 8 rooms, 2 fireplaces, 2 baths, spacious. 4 car garage. 110 acres, meadow pond, fields, woods, wildlife galore. 3 miles to picturesque hillside village. Immediate occupancy. $22,500. Owner, L. Rand, Princeton, Massachusetts.

SHERMAN, CONNECTICUT. 1781 farmhouse, modernized. 8 rooms, 2 baths. 4 acres, brook. Double garage, studio, oil heat. Many extras. $25,000. MAin 5-1195 Brooklyn, N.Y., Box J-195.

NEAR RUTLAND, VERMONT. 10-room house on parklike acre, magnificent trees. Built 1870. High ceilings, fireplace, 1½ baths, flagstone terrace. Large studio attached. Fine condition. $10,500. Brochure 7-60. American Listings, Inc., 745 Fifth Avenue, NYC, MUrray Hill 8-3824.

CHARMING YEAR-AROUND CHALET, 20 scenic acres, trout stream, studio guest house, near Lime Rock, Connecticut. Write McGimsey, owner, HEmlock 5-9080.

CONTEMPORARY HOME, all glass front, secluded yet on surfaced road. Approximately 8 acres woodland, stream. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, fireplace. Can be used as small ski lodge. A. Hucker, Stowe, Vermont.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

TWO GUEST HOUSES at one of Tidewater, Virginia's showplaces. Housekeeping facilities, air-conditioning, swimming pool, fishing and hunting in season. Preference given reservation requests with references. Willow Hill Plantation, Spring Grove, Virginia.

TENANTS HARBOR, MAINE. 4 bedrooms, Bay front Cape Cod. Sandy beach. All conveniences. August, $350. Box J-171.

SQUAM LAKE, New Hampshire. Summer cottage, 5 bedrooms, electricity, hot water, fireplace. Lake frontage. Near Meredith. Ideal for family with children. $400 monthly. Box J-152.

SECLUDED COTTAGE in pine forest, Byrdcliffe mountainside, Woodstock, N.Y. Stone fireplace, screened sleeping porch. Equipped for simple housekeeping. Available July-August or longer. Box J-164.

5 MILES LAKE GEORGE. Luxurious log cabin. Private lake. 3 bedrooms, 1½ baths, oil heat. July and/or August. REgent 4-3523 NYC.

PRIVACY, BEAUTY, REASONABLE. To September 15th. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, fully equipped. Pond. LEhigh 4-0336 NYC, Roxbury, Connecticut, ELgin 4-5023.

OFFICE SPACE TO RENT

42nd, NEAR FIFTH. Small, attractively furnished office, suitable for lady literary agent or business representative. Box J-200.

VACATIONS

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Green Mountains. Charming Alpine inn. 2,100' elevation. Panoramic view. Superb food. Relaxing, friendly, informal. Swimming, hiking, sports. Folder.

FESTIVAL HOUSE in Lenox, Massachusetts, near Tanglewood. Arts workshop, quartet, folk-dancing, Lord Burgess, lectures, pool, tennis, ideal vacation. Write for brochure.

"EXQUISITE LOAFING," where life begins at 40. The Woodside (S), Pocono Mountains, Cresco, Pennsylvania.

VACATIONS

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills, Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Connecticut.

ISLAND VIEW HOUSE, Chebeaque Island, Casco Bay, Maine. Brochure Available.

EUROPE NEAR HOME: Continental size bedrooms—old world service—all usual resort life overlooking the ocean. Formal or informal dining. HOTEL DENNIS, ATlantic City 4-8111.

SEEKING ATMOSPHERE? Cherry Grove plantation. Write, read, loaf. Route 1, Box 421, Natchez, Mississippi.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Summer again! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Conn. Open all year.

SUMMER VACATIONS on farms and hotels. Welcoming children. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

BIRCHWOOD INN—the inn with a personality. Excellent continental cuisine. Write your hostess, Charlotte Wagner, Lenox, Massachusetts.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR: Stimulating and informal vacation for thinking people. Writing, lectures, discussions. For 1959 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Massachusetts. Berkshires. French cuisine, small, very quiet.

SMALL, QUIETLY COMFORTABLE "CAMP"—fast rewarding fishing — many pleasant activities — or none—Real Food. Booklet. Russell's, Brookton, Maine.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, Vermont. An ideal vacation spot in a setting of rare, natural beauty. Elevation 2,000' amidst the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, congenial companions. Private swimming, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. Special children's rates. Booklet. CAMP EGGEMOGGIN, Box 27, Brunswick, Maine.

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, New York. 2100 ft. elevation. 600 acres midst Adirondack Forest Preserve. Cottages. Meals varied and best. The Tibbits.

SPARHAWK HALL, a beautiful hotel by the salt water's edge, Ogunquit, Maine. Mrs. Walter D. Abbott, owner-manager.

ROAD'S END, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton County, N.Y. Secluded and beautiful, directly on lake. Nature lovers' paradise. Open until late autumn. Reasonable. Modern conveniences. Write for booklet.

PELICAN COVE—in unspoiled Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, fishing, shelling, skindiving, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada, Florida.

IDEAL BASE for combining a lakeside vacation with Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, Jazz Festival, Berkshire Playhouse, etc. Spend glorious days on our sparkling lake, in our enchanting woods, on our courts, on our hiking trails, then after fine meals off to concert, ballet, etc. Or enjoy our own miniature "hi-fi Tanglewood" outdoors under the stars or before the fireplace in our 1,000 volume library. A unique rustic lodge, cottages and cabins retreat since 1925. Brochure T. CHANTERWOOD, Box 111, Lee, Mass.

THE CLIFF HOUSE, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Enjoy our salt tanged breezes. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. All sports. Reasonable rates with or without meals. Booklet, Maurice Weare, Manager. WELLS (MIdway) 6-5662.

NEAR TANGLEWOOD. Why pay inflated Tanglewood Festival prices? Enjoy cool, non-transit village. $6.00 room per couple. Write Cina's, Sandisfield, Massachusetts.

LUXURIOUS TIMBER LAKE FRONT ESTATE in the tall pine country of the northern Adirondacks. All sports, including golf. Superb continental cuisine, personalized dining service. Informal. Limited to 40 couples. Brochure, information: SEVEN KEYS LODGE, 120 Central Park South, New York 19. CIrcle 5-8077. Alice Garlen—Sam Garlen, Directors.

VACATIONS

MOUNTAIN VILLAGE—quiet home. Meals available. Box 184, Stowe, Vermont.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE find relaxation in quiet Cape Cod seaport village. Beach, lovely sea view, shore drives. Drive to summer theatres. Rates from $10 with meals. Booklet. BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lovell, Maine. Cabins, lake. American-Jewish cuisine. Sports. Sightseeing. Couples, family groups. HI-FI. $78 to $98 weekly.

MEXICO CITY VACATION. Cultural home atmosphere. Weekly accommodations with board. Monthly reductions, advance reservations. Isabel Carbajal, Rio Amoy 17, Mexico, D.F. Mexico.

MUSIC INN is in Lenox, Mass. And it's in. So is Mahalia Jackson and the Music Barn, Rudolph Serkin and Tanglewood. Folders? We'll send all three. Yes.

WILLOW INN & MOTEL, Pomfret Center, Connecticut. Country atmosphere. Swimming, fishing, golf, TV.

SLOUCH-ON-THE-COUCH COMFORT; weekends only; no mobs, snobs or mambos. Beautiful grounds; swimming — unforgettable food. TWIN PALETTE, Mahopac, New York.

THE INN FOR ARTISTS. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. $42 weekly. Reservations still open July, August! Prospectus.

THE FALES, Williamstown, Massachusetts. Small, secluded. Individual cottages. Excellent food.

MEXICO CITY? Avoid expensive "tourist cage" hotels. Best price, location at "Apartamentos Rosa," Antonio Sola 41, Colonia Condesa, Mexico, D.F. Reservations.

CHASE'S ON TORSEY LAKE, Readfield, Maine. Widely spaced cottages along 26 acres tree-bordered shore, central dining room, finest food, all home-cooked, recreational lodge, swimming, fishing. Booklet.

TRAVEL

VISIT FRIENDLY BELGIUM FIRST — Gateway to Europe—land of tradition, fabulous art cities, magnificent beaches, superb cuisine, and all centers within short commuting distance of its capital. Consult your travel agent or Official Belgian Tourist Bureau, 589 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

BOUND FOR EUROPE? Space available on Italian flag passenger service. Grimaldi Siosa Lines, 44 Whitehall Street, NYC. BOwling Green 9-0962.

EUROPE IN AUTUMN COLORS. Join our Festival Circle sailing Queen Elizabeth August 12 visiting leisurely 14 countries, returning October 13, earlier by air. Music, theatre, folklore. Small group. $1,225. DITTMANN TRAVEL ORGANIZATION, Northfield, Minnesota.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

EUROPE 1960: Register now for choice passage in inclusive circle tours visiting Oberammergau Passion Play, other special events. 40-58 days in Europe, 13-19 countries; $1,095-$1,378. Regular departures May, June, July, August; sea or air. DITTMANN TRAVEL ORGANIZATION, Northfield, Minnesota.

SERVING YOU IN THE MANNER TO WHICH you'd like to become accustomed. Beekman Tower Hotel —overlooking United Nations and East River— minutes from midtown in exclusive Beekman Hill, featuring most marvelous view in all Manhattan. Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge, Elbow Room Bar, Grand Ballroom and other function rooms. Pleasant outlook on rates (special value in a few single rooms with semi-private bath, $5.75). Family rates available too. 49th Street at East River, New York 17, N. Y. Write for folder R.

AROUND THE WORLD, November 17—January 26 (with optional 2-week extension in Spain). Designed for those who wish to combine much sightseeing with authentic acquaintance with significant men and women in all countries visited. Itinerary includes: Honolulu, Tokyo, Kyoto, Hiroshima, Hongkong, Singapore, Bali, Bangkok, Angkor Wat, Colombo, Kandy, Madras, Mysore, Delhi, Jaipur, Agra, Benares, Bombay, Caves of Ajanta and Ellora, Cairo, Athens, Madrid, Cordova, Sevilla, Granada, Toledo, Segovia. Lectures on the arts, history, economics, etc. Informal conferences with national leaders. Directed by DR. HUBERT HERRING, author "Good Neighbors" and "A History of Latin America." Address him: 763 Indian Hill Boulevard, Claremont, California.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Medea in Callas, Glyndebourne Strauss

LONDON.

TO judge from the pleasure Londoners are taking in Luigi Cherubini's "Medea" with Maria Callas, and the profit the Covent Garden management is deriving from its five presentations at a four-guinea ($11.76) top, there may be something outmoded about the Metropolitan Opera policy that excludes such projects from its repertory. It may be contended that it is uneconomic to mount a production for a mere five performances: but the Webster management has the answer for that one, too. It is to borrow a production from Dallas and lend them your "Lucia" in return.

To be sure, Dallas might not care to make an exchange for the Met's "Lucia;" but that is matter of means, not ways. Certainly the audience that has crowded the time-honored theatre considers it a service that David Webster and his associates have made such an experience available to them. For it is a real experience on any level you care to consider: to appraise, in its modest but effective stage dress by John Tsaeouchis, the theatrical effect of Cherubini's remarkable contribution to the development of opera; or to measure the ways in which Callas becomes possessed of the passions, problems, and compulsions of the central character so that the end result is not so much Callas in "Medea" as Medea in Callas.

A broadly experienced Britisher has said of this production that if one wants to act as Callas does, one should not sing, and if one undertakes to sing, it should be acted differently. There is undoubted wisdom in this point of view, for she frequently begins singing with her eyes on the floor or her back to audience, enters with a veil covering everything but the eyes, and has one moment in Act II in which nothing is visible of her head except a thick shock of red hair. This calls for a conductor who follows more than he leads, a prescription that Nicola Rescigno fulfills with full fidelity to his employer if not so much to his composer. Had Callas a stronger-willed conductor, and a more effective "producer" than Alexis Minotis, the whole effect would have been improved.

Fury hot, and fury cold, are the gamut of Medea as Callas plays her, with a striking pattern of gesture, but some facial expressions that tend to become over familiar. Act III fortunately provides her with the new emotion of concern for her children, but it is in the triumphant note of horror she achieves at the end, after she has struck them down, that Maria is most Medea. Vocally, Callas appears to have profited from a period of relative idleness since her "Pirata" in New York last winter, for the sound was fresh, responsive, endlessly expressive in her veiled, *chalumeau* manner. But the range continues to contract, with a lunge for a C in Act II that came out merely as a shriek.

Considering that Medea is on the stage almost constantly after her entrance in Act I, other performers would tend to linger in shadow, but there was plentiful credit for the rising Jon Vickers, Nicola Zaccaria as Creon, and Joan Carlyle as Medea's rival Glauce. A special mark should be reserved for Fiorenza Cossotto, a young mezzo who made much of her second-act scene, and though she is rather short, showed a robust voice of much future promise. Taken together, the production rates as serviceable rather than distinguished, but it is the picture that counts here, not the frame.

THE frame, conversely, is a meaningful part of the "Rosenkavalier," which Carl Ebert has staged at Glyndebourne in commemoration of his twenty-fifth and final year of association with that notable enterprise. Here is an instance of doing rather well something that should not have been done at all, for the crowded scenes of each act overrun the square feet available on the Glyndebourne stage, and the sixty-four members of the Royal Philharmonic are both too few for the specifications of Strauss and too many for the cubic content of the theatre.

No matter. "Rosenkavalier" is a work of such appeal and of so many facets that it can survive these limitations, also a bumptious, dry-voiced Ochs by Oscar Czerwenka and a heavy, oh-so-tragic Marschallin by Regine Crespin. Satisfying the mind and rewarding the spirit were the artful orchestral playing under Leopold Ludwig's direction, and the credibility of the romance conveyed by the sympathetic, beautifully sung Octavian of Elisabeth Söderström and the good-looking, charming-to-hear Sophie of Annaliese Rothenberger. In its ensemble aspects, this "Rosenkavalier" is true to the Glyndebourne tradition, handsomely set by Oliver Messel.

It was, perhaps, the revelation of this intimate experience that Strauss's score is so meticulously written that it "sounds" even when played down rather than up, and that the close contact with the text provided by Ebert's fluent, always theatrical direction, left virtually no loungers in the action. However there were some moments when one doubted his agreement with Strauss's statement that "Rosenkavalier" is "Viennese comedy not Berlin farce," especially in the sentimental treatment of Act I, and the over indulgence of Mme. Crespin's tragic view of a lost love—when it is only a lost lover she pines.

BETWEEN one day's "Parsifal" and another's "Medea," the Royal Ballet took farewell of Covent Garden for a while with a pair of Saturday performances that embraced something old and something new, also the borrowed and the blue. The old and new had a happy coincidence in "Sleeping Beauty," that durable thoroughbred of the company's repertory, in which Svetlana Beriosiva showed her destiny for big things to come with a winsomely youthful, technically assured, poetically motivated Aurora. Clearly it reflects her day-to-day contact with Margot Fonteyn's Aurora, but she has marked out a path of her own that she follows compellingly. There was also an engaging Lilac Fairy by Rosemary Linden, and some eye-catching movement by her cavalier Gary Burne.

The borrowings that left one blue came in the season-ending "Ondine," in which Fonteyn's powerful presence could do little to offset the foolish story of a water sprite who is in and out the life of a prince (Michael Somes), or the eclectic score of Hans Werner Henze, or the piecemeal choreography of Frederick Ashton. At one-act length, this could be a tolerable diversion, for Fonteyn has some reasonable opportunities to please her public in Acts I and III. Between, however, there is a lengthy act on shipboard in which there is virtually no dancing, save the dancing up and down of the oceanic backdrop to suggest a storm at sea. A shipboard ballet might have possibilities, but choreography, after all, should be for performers, not scenery. Lila de Nibili's scenery had pictorial quality rather than theatrical validity. Judgment on Henze might be suspended where "Ondine" is concerned, for the accomplishment of a full-length ballet score is as much of craft as of creation.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

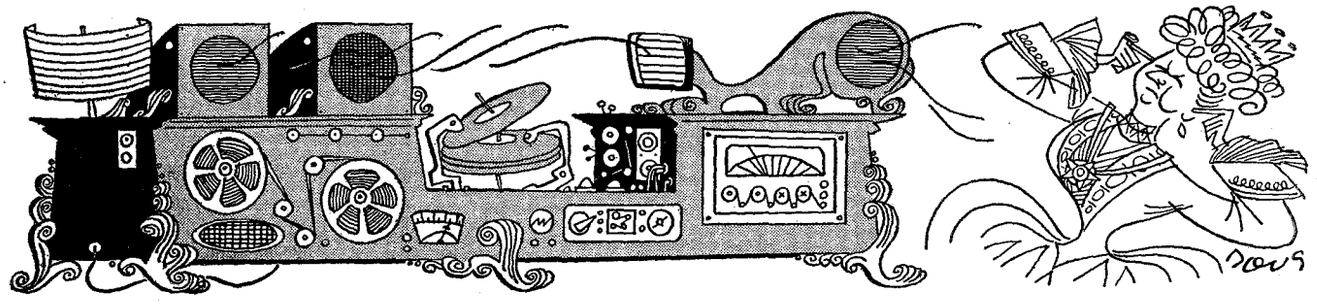
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

Queen Anne Redivivus

By NORMAN EISENBERG

ANNE STUART, who reigned as a somewhat flighty Queen of England from 1702 to her death in 1714, had the dubious honor of having several things named after her. One of these was an unpopular war; another was a style of furniture that began as something passably absurd, but soon became—as it evolved in the hands of Chippendale—so overtly ornate as to be more decorative than decorous. This sort of façade—or at least vulgar variations of it—was, in pre-high-fidelity days, widely used in the design of phonograph consoles whose electro-acoustic insides were as poor in their way as their veneered and filigreed outsides were in their way.



It was this rationale that was entombed under the title "The Dethronement of Queen Anne," by audio expert C. G. Burke, in these columns in June 1950, then incorporated in "The Saturday Review Home Book of Recorded Music and Sound Reproduction," a collaboration by Mr. Burke with Edward Tatnall Canby and Irving Kolodin (N. Y., Prentice-Hall, 1952). Mr. Burke's engaging discourse, among other points it made, characterized the ornate console as more of a "packing crate" than a true device for reproducing music. The happy, if then somewhat unfamiliar, alternate outlined by Mr. Burke was the high-fidelity system made up of audio components, or, as he put it, the "eclectic phonograph."

More and more of these components soon entered the consumer market; for those who put together their own "eclectic phonograph" from these components, a whole new world of musical enjoyment opened up. This intense and lively interest in quality reproduction by so many people was not entirely lost on the manufacturers of consoles, some of whom began to upgrade their own merchandise. After a few years, in fact, it became apparent that many of them were beginning to offer the public a product that combined at least some of the virtues of the separate component system together with the convenience of pre-wiring and cabinetry.

Confirmed components users, for their part, generally scorned formal cabinets (except, of course, the all important housing for the bass speaker), and found added delights in exploring the decor possibilities inherent in placing components on bookshelves, room-dividers, "built-ins" and such. For many of them, as for Mr. Burke, the physical limitations of a rectangular box of prespecified dimensions were all too limiting, not only in how that box could "squeeze" music acoustically, but in the sense of emotional constriction it suggested for the enjoyment of an art-form as big as the universe itself.

When Queen Anne died she was succeeded, in rapid order, by a pair of Georges with whom history has not dealt kindly. So it is with our artifacts for reproducing music—the Queen Anne concept in the phonograph may have indeed died a decade ago, but a twin successor has risen to perpetrate inferior music reproduction—and, ironically, to do so in the name of stereo. For stereo, apparently, has served as a signal in many quarters to produce slicker façades that house not one, but two (sometimes one and a half) inferior sound channels. The eagerness of some producers to get "their share of the market" has developed a tendency to put price first and quality second, third, fourth, or where are you. There is, in consequence, considerable question as to just what these people are selling. Certainly it is not high fidelity; can it then be true stereo, or is it pseudo-stereo, my-stereo, or merely hy-stereo?

Often as not, these new products are launched in a rocket blast of high-pressure salesmanship and indiscriminate use of technical terms and musical concepts that quickly descend into jargon. One such gem, recently accredited to an ambitious manufacturer of consoles, was that certain types of cartridges—universally accepted in audio circles as generically inferior to other types—were more suited to playing stereo records than their more carefully wrought competing models.

In view of these new developments, the serious music lover, who also is sophisticated in matters of audio, has the right to raise this question: If, after years of pressure from component high fidelity, some console manufacturers slowly began to upgrade their monophonic products, how could they rush into production of stereo units whose insides indicate a frightful ignorance of the real progress made in our time toward superior musical reproduction?

All this leads to the suspicion that dethroned though she may be, Queen Anne is not yet "dead as Queen Anne." The revamped package player for the so-called "price conscious" market (as if music lovers and audiophiles were a race apart, with no concern over such mundane affairs as pricing) suggests she is still kicking, if moribund. More often than not, such a player embodies a curious amalgam of compromises to the extent that it is more of a gimmick than a device for reproducing Mozart or Milhaud, Bach or Brubeck. Specifically, the technical limitations of one section of the console are contrived to reinforce, or at least not reveal, the shortcomings of another section. For one thing, there is the old problem of furnishing full, deep bass response from the same cabinet that houses speakers together with other equipment. Vibrations and me-

(*Continued on page 42*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "Marketwise" Jazzman

By JOHN MEHEGAN

THERE is a general pall of itinerancy in jazz today that may very well augur the beginning of the end. Contrivance, cynicism, and cacophony walk the land as blatant reminders of a vanishing American—the insecure, fumbling, tentative, misgivings-ridden, foibled but fabled jazzman.

Today we see a new emerging jazzo-sapiens—the marketing personality—confident and clever who knows his drawing capacity better than his instrument. Not a very heroic figure admittedly and a man with his feet not on the ground but at the throat of jazz.

Jazz has taken three traditional paths of exploration:

1. Small free-blowing groups
2. Collective groups (big bands)
3. The lonely virtuoso.

Free-blowing groups continue to exist (Horace Silver Quintet, Jazz Messengers, Dave Brubeck Quartet, Gerry Mulligan Quartet) but each continues to feed on its own vernacular, which is the way an art form crumbles. Here inexorable laws of human nature and those of supply and demand are joined in deadly battle and to the loser (the jazz audience) goes the spoils.

Stan Kenton "enjoys" the signal honor of exhausting his own frame of reference which, I admit, is not easy to do, but the collective talents of Mulligan, Russo, Holman, and Graettinger accomplished this in a brief nine years. The Basie band is the only collective excitement around today but its commercial success undoubtedly stems from the momentum of rock 'n' roll.

The lonely virtuoso is even more lonely today because of the brooding shadow of Parker. The present-day "loner" enjoys status in a new and interesting way—his prestige no longer comes from his achievement within the art form (as with Powell and Parker) but because he is "successful."

No musician in his right mind would have held still while someone repudiated Parker, but today the contemporary hero (Rollins, Coltrane) is acknowledged to be searching and is in a difficult position. In basic, simple English this means that the hero isn't "making it" (searching) and, in fact, may not ever make it (difficult).

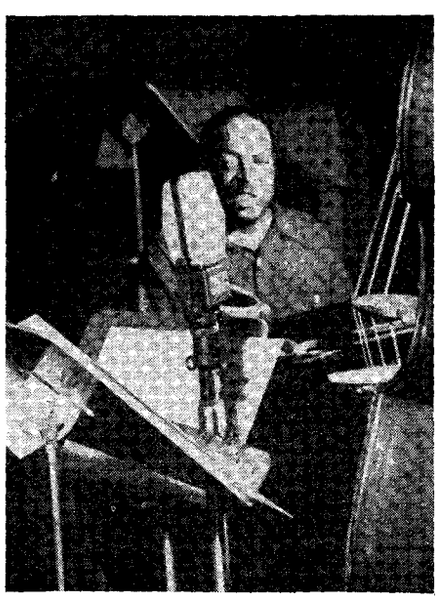
This brings us to the "marketing personality" in jazz who no longer says "this is as I see it, please hear me out"; but rather "I have made a careful survey of what many people like under many circumstances and here is my solution to the problem" (all things to all men, etc.).

This approach can run a gamut from almost total concealment (Miles Davis, Sonny Rollins) to the most blatant ecdysis (Jonah Jones, Ahmad Jamal) but the attitude is generic to much of what passes today for jazz or quasi-jazz.

Now let us consider this amorphous group we call an audience. The dynamics of the jazz audience since 1950 have been a rough composite of the following groups:

1. Hi-fi-stereo fans
2. Viscerally oriented youth groups
3. Status seekers from rock 'n' roll
4. Minority identification groups
5. Socially alienated (out-group) individuals
6. Intellectuals
7. Nostalgic Dixie-Swing fans
8. The specialized audio-erotic (hearing-feeling) personality who is probably the idealized jazz fan (the type who can gain in-group status from musicians usually reserved for other musicians).

Jazz in the Forties and early Fifties was an active, pulsating art form exhibiting a lusty exuberance and the jazz audience enjoyed the role any audience enjoys—namely that of being swept along by the imaginative courage of the performer who desired the approval of the audience, but on the *performer's* terms.



Basie—"collective excitement"

Of the eight arbitrary categories listed above, the first three are fairly amorphous and as a whole are not extremely loyal under adverse circumstances. Groups 4, 5, and 6 are more loyal but often for peripheral reasons not always indigenous to the art form. Also, the energies of groups 4, 5, and 6 can often be diverted to other areas of emotional communication or be dispersed simultaneously in many directions of which jazz is only one. Groups 7 and 8 are the hardheads, the salts of the jazz earth: discerning, loyal, and forgiving. They do not fill jazz auditoriums, but they are the target for the efforts of the honest performer. They are not a congenial target for the marketing personality.

Every art form must nourish and continue to enchant such a hard core of critical and devoted people who constantly proselytize and act as a cohesive force on the less stable or more nomadic elements in an audience. If an art form loses this hard core, it is finished and jazz is gradually losing these people through sloth, cleverness, and hostility. The two things this hard core will not hold still for are boredom and confusion and both are rampant in jazz today.

The quasi-jazz hero of today, whether he be ex-patriarch (Monk, Davis) or ex-apprentice (Jamal, Jones) is becoming a Trendex hero playing IBM choruses on his shining Dun & Bradstreet. The private accountant (artist) has become a public accountant; they have stayed the faltering files of ticket buyers and they above all seek approval but now on the terms of the audience. But since an audience cannot offer terms, what of the future?

Certainly like rock 'n' roll (the marketing personality in the folk idiom) it can last (detractors of rock 'n' roll have finally given up predicting its demise)—it can vegetate indefinitely. But then so can basket weaving.

The intellectuals have a tough row to hoe. Here is an art form right under their very noses barely perceived in all its myriad manifestations when suddenly the whole thing seems to have blown up, not under their noses, but in their faces.

At the rate that jazz is not going, it is doubtful if the pages of this very magazine will, in two or three years, offer space to the voice of jazz, which is slowly becoming the voice of the turtle.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings Reports: Jazz

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
"The Wizard of the Ragtime Piano—Eubie Blake." 20th Fox 3003, $3.98. "Jubilee Tonight," "Eubie's Boogie Rag," "The Dream Rag," "Mississippi Rag," "Maple Leaf Rag," "Ragtime Rag," "Mobile Rag," "I'm Just Wild About Harry," "Carolina in the Morning," "Sunflower Slow Drag," "The Ragtime Millionaire," "My Gal Is a High Born Lady," "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home," others.	The small miracle achieved in this modern recording is that ragtime becomes believable as a lively, stimulating music that could have played a large part in the early development of jazz. The feat is brought about by an instrumental group playing in close sympathy with the ragtime pianist and pioneer, Eubie Blake, who was born in 1883. Along with Blake are Noble Sissle, an old partner from vaudeville days; Buster Bailey, clarinet, who contributes a passionate and completely understanding counterpart to the ragtime piano; Bernard Addison (guitar); Milt Hinton and George Duvivier (alternating on bass); and Panama Francis, drums. With a bright handful of selections, Blake demonstrates with certainty that he knows how to play ragtime better than any other living performer. Furthermore, he does it with a piano, the instrument intended for such demonstrations by composers of ragtime. There is nothing attached to its strings, and that alone distinguishes it from the hundreds of buffed-up, ricky-ticky tries at authentic ragtime that have been passed as legitimate coinage on a number of current LPs. "The Dream Rag," attributed to Jess Pickett *circa* 1890, is a masterful piece of Jelly Roll Morton piano, fully preserved from a period prior to emergence of Morton as self-appointed "Lord of the Ivories."
"More Music from Peter Gunn." Composed and conducted by Henry Mancini. RCA Victor LSP 2040, $5.98. *Stereo.* "Walkin' Bass," "Timothy," "Joanna," "My Manne Shelly," "Goofin' at the Coffee House," "Odd Ball," "Blue Steel," "The Little Man Theme," "Spook!," "A Quiet Gass," "Lightly," "Blues for Mothers."	Twenty-five first-desk West Coasters, plus a soloist or two (Plas Johnson, tenor sax, R. Lang, alto flute) expose more of the jazz-oriented business that apparently (we've never seen it) keeps things moving behind Peter Gunn. The compositions presented are evidently light revelations or underscorings of moments of suspense and toughness and tenderness that presumably make up the show, very well played by absolutely competent musicians. Mancini, scoring with delicacy and a low-rumble level, seems to have been able to bring about some sort of entente between contemporary jazz and contemporary television, and this has already been hailed as good news for those who like both.
"TV Action Jazz!" Mundell Lowe and His All Stars. RCA Camden CAL 522, $1.98. "Peter Gunn," "Mike Hammer," "Perry Mason Theme," "77 Sunset Strip," others.	More revelations, this time of theme musics, or scraps of theme identifications, from a number of looking-glass productions: "Peter Gunn," "M-Squad," "The Thin Man," "Naked City," inter alia. The arrangements are well constructed to provide attractive blowing room for the solo musicians. Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Donald Byrd, trumpet; and Tony Scott, baritone saxophone and clarinet, are among the blowers who do well. The band is small, compared to the unit of symphonic proportions employed for the "Peter Gunn" package. Mundell Lowe, guitarist, is leader and conductor.
"The Bay Big Band Plays Duke Ellington." Omega OML 1024, $4.98. "Take the A Train," "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," "Solitude," "Mainstem," "Things Ain't What They Used to Be," "Perdido," "Sophisticated Lady," others.	The Bay Big Band, Francis Bay, conductor, has been appearing across Europe as a unit since its formation in 1954. It has won trophies and played at the Brussels World's Fair. The Ellington compositions in its library are given a studied, book by book working over and the result might be satisfactory if there were no other way to hear Ellington's compositions. Why anyone should want them as played by the Bay Big Band, when they are available as played by Duke Ellington, is a question that this LP leaves unchallenged.
"Blue Trombone." J. J. Johnson. Columbia CL 1303, $3.98. "Hello, Young Lovers," "Kev," "What's New," "Blue Trombone, Part 1," "Blue Trombone, Part 2," "Gone With the Wind," "100 Proof."	The small group that accompanies Johnson for the seven titles of this LP is made up of Max Roach, drums; Paul Chambers, bass; Tommy Flanagan, piano. Their support is sensitive and individual; one has the impression that all hands join willingly and skillfully in it. The tunes come slow, fast, in between; all are brightly polished; each is a summit demonstration of technical ability. This is ninth in a number of Columbia recordings featuring J. J. Johnson; that it can all be heard as new and intriguing is enough.
"Lester Young Memorial Album." Lester Young with Count Basie and His Orchestra. Epic SN 6031, two records, $7.98. "Pound Cake," "Rock-a-bye Basie," "Riff Interlude," "Shoe Shine Boy," others.	The Lester Young Memorial Album released by Epic is a sumptuous affair, chronicling with praiseworthy thoroughness the history of Lester Young with the Count Basie Band as it was cut in wax between the years 1936 and 1940. It is probably not the last of such memorials, for others who recorded Lester Young at later periods will undoubtedly leap in to fill this gap. But for any one who cares for the early period and the superb frame for Young's work supplied by the Basie Band, this is it.
"Jazz for Juniors." Mitchell Ruff Duo. Roulette Birdland R52025, $3.98. "Billy Boy," "Do-Re-Mi Blues," "Fugue for Lulu," "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You," "When the Saints Go Marching In," "Frankie and Johnny," "I Don't Want to Be Kissed by Anyone but You," others.	Two "progressive, advanced" (their own description) interpreters of jazz, Dwike Mitchell, piano, and Willie Ruff (bass, French horn), set out to intrigue high-school students with demonstrations and answers to questions. We are told that this was taped during a classroom session. The first side proceeds charmingly, and our impression was that some musical knowledge of improvisation had been communicated. On the second side, the spokesman, Ruff, displays a tendency to dodge some of the tougher questions with a flippancy that may pass for hilarious, but may also leave some students confused. The question: "Is jazz good music?" produced, among other apologia, "it's good if played by intelligent people, like us." The historical summary of the beginnings of jazz (also Side Two) left some other things unanswered, too—the demonstration of Irving Berlin's "Alexander's Ragtime Band" as *the* example of ragtime, accompanied by the value judgment, "funny music, actually," is superficial. We refer the class, as well as Messrs. Mitchell and Ruff, to the superior demonstration provided (see above) by Eubie Blake.
"BIX MCMLIX." Dick Cathcart, trumpet, Orchestra under Warren Barker. Warner Brothers (Stereo) WS 1275, $4.98. "Jazz Me Blues," "Ida," "Mississippi Mud," "In a Mist," "Louisiana," "Riverboat Shuffle," "At the Jazz Band Ball," others.	Opulent arrangements and an orchestra directed by Barker serve as background for some references to Bix Beiderbecke, a semi-legendary jazz trumpeter of the twenties and thirties. Cathcart takes the trumpet parts with no trouble at all (Bix always seemed to be struggling with his, but then this is some years later), and makes something suggestively Bixian of them. There's no attempt to recreate, or reconstruct, Bix and the orchestras that he played with; the whole affair seems cast more as tribute, in the manner of Ravel's "Tombeau de Couperin."
"Themes for African Drums." The Guy Warren Sounds. RCA Victor LPM 1864, $3.98. "Ballad for Giraffes," "Waltzing Drums," "Blood Brothers," "Love, the Mystery Of," "The Lady Marie Drum Suite," "My Story," others.	Guy Warren is an eloquent drummer and a citizen of Ghana, West Africa. On a recent musical tour, he played for a group of dancers in New York, and during that time, also worked up stimulating acquaintances with other drummers and a number of jazz musicians, among them the trombonist Lawrence Brown. We don't know whose inspiration it was to integrate Lawrence Brown's stunningly dark and sonorous trombone utterings with a cadre of African and other drummers, but the results were worth the effort. In another selection, "The Talking Drum Looks Ahead," Warren is joined by jazz musicians James Styles, string bass, and Earl Griffin, vibraphonist. "Matter of fact," says Warren, "this is jazz as I see it." Matter of fact, it sounds fine. —Frederic Ramsey, Jr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMEN CORNER

Next Side, Please

THERE are midsummer words like high noon, Lake Mendota, and "The doctor has just stepped down street for a beer." In the same spirit, I offer a few musical suggestions:

1. Bobby Short, His Piano, His Orchestra, His Irony and (believe it or not) Lou McGarrity on the hot violin, have produced an album called "The Mad Twenties" (Atlantic 1302) which makes me forget that I usually resent tampering with a period I heard with my own ears. Short was not among us when most of these numbers were introduced, but he is musical, witty, utterly sophisticated, and we now have him to thank for, among other things, his versions of Irving Berlin's "That Society Bear" ("Mrs. Schwab was on the job"); "At the Animal's Ball," a rouser by the late New Orleans pianist Tony Jackson called "I'm Cert'ny Gonna See 'Bout That"; and the loveliest treatment of "Changes" I have heard since Bix Beiderbecke played it with Paul Whiteman. As for McGarrity he plays the fiddle as feelingly as he does the slide trombone. *Bis.*

2. My favorite popular song of the past few years is "Just In Time" by Jule Styne, from the musical show "Bells Are Ringing." Sonny Rollins made a bracing, up-tempo business of it with his tenor saxopohone (Riverside 12-241) and now André Previn's lapidary piano is to be heard in a languishing treatment of this and other "Bells" numbers (Contemporary 3559). It is my impression that Previn has committed a melodic *gaffe* in the cadenza (anticipating a phrase) but this is mere pecksniffery. His companions, as usual, are the immaculate Shelly Manne, drums, and Red Mitchell, bass.

3. Tunes from the musical "Destry Rides Again" are given sumptuous jazz treatment by Randy Weston, piano, and a trombone quartet consisting of Melba Liston (the splendidly solid arrangements are hers), Frank Rehak, Slide Hampton and Bennie Green; plus Elvin Jones, drums; Willie Rodriguez, conga; and Peck Morrison, bass (United Artists 4045). This peculiar combination of instruments is handled with delightful flexibility. The composer Harold Rome, as he indicates in his jacket comments, has been in great good luck. He remarks that Miss Liston instinctively converted a 4-4 ballad into a waltz, he having so conceived it in the beginning. It is a charming thing ("I Say Hello"); Miss Liston is a musician to conjure with and sits with the mighty in the trombone section. Simone de Beauvoir please notice.

4. Wilbur de Paris and his NEW New Orleans Jazz are with us again (Atlantic 1300). This time he has added a vaporous "Madeira" to his other seagirt strains, "Madagascar," "Majorca," and "Martinique." I understand that the eminent trombonist, jovially represented on the cover, is surrounded at home by a considerable aquarium of tropical fish. If this does not seem a non sequitur, the other items on the program include "Beale Street Blues," "Panama Rag" and "Colonel Bogey's March," and I would expect the agenda to appeal to any beardless enthusiast who does not talk about music of protest.

5. The young jazz pianist Ray Bryant is an excellent performer in the two-handed tradition, which preceded the right-hand emphasis of recent years. I have nothing against the latter, and disregard the formulatic minds who keep beefing about it, but in piano solo work I certainly enjoy a full deployment of forces. In his middle and slow tempi, Bryan reminds me of Meade Lux Lewis, while there is a fragrance of early Earl Hines in the faster works. His album "Alone with the Blues" (New Jazz 8213) is top sirloin. This kind of blues playing has the perdurable, all weather, morning-noon-and-night quality associated with such keyboard masterpieces as the Well Tempered Clavichord. —WILDER HOBSON.

Summer on Amsterdam Avenue

DESPITE a barrage of operational difficulties—increasing deterioration of the part of town where the Lewisohn Stadium is located, air-line noises overhead, ground yowls from neighborhood dead-enders, highly uncertain weather this season—the annual Stadium concerts represent a precious institution to New Yorkers. The Hellenic bowl on Amsterdam Avenue has served during the past forty-one summers—all of them under the energetic and public-spirited guidance of Mrs. Charles S. Guggenheimer—as an al fresco academy where three generations of music-lovers have been introduced to their first Haydn, Brahms, and Stravinsky. The concerts may, in time, be moved to another, more adaptable location; but the policy animating these events at the Stadium—good symphonic performances at broadly accessible prices—will, it is hoped, be continued in its present form.

The opening program of the summer, played by an orchestra consisting largely of Philharmonic Symphony personnel and directed by Leonard Bernstein, was well designed: rich in promise and generally rewarding in performance. Two familiar Beethoven works, the "Egmont" overture and Seventh Symphony, made up the traditionalist first half of the concert; and three sturdy pieces of American music were heard after the entr'acte: Samuel Barber's Second Essay for Orchestra, the symphonic suite from Copland's ballet, "Billy the Kid," and Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," with Mr. Bernstein doubling as solo pianist in the Gershwin.

Contemporary music finds this conductor at his notable best: resourceful, deft, imaginative. Thus, the Barber "Essay" was given with poise and sustained dramatic feeling. Copland's lengthy score, kaleidoscopic in mood, powerful in its climaxes, was conducted briskly and brilliantly, though perhaps without the full measure of grandeur needed for its peroration. Mr. Bernstein's peak of the evening came with the "Rhapsody in Blue," a performance ranking among the best integrated Gershwin yet heard in New York. The idiomatic molding of the orchestral line, the beautiful and sensitively produced piano tone and, above all, the fusion of both elements into a masterly ensemble showed this artist at his finest.

The two Beethoven works had been rendered fluently, but with less consistent penetration.

Mr. Bernstein's occasional moments of choreography on the podium, as in the general dance from "Billy the Kid," remain a subject of visual dispute; but there can be no gainsaying the effectiveness of his musical results, the impact of his performing personality. —ROBERT LAWRENCE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Queen Anne

Continued from page 38

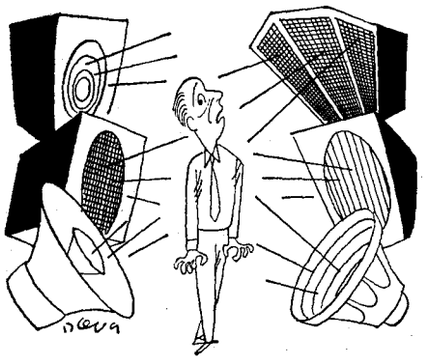
chanical feedback introduce distortion and noise. Consequently, no attempt is made in such a system, to furnish all the bass; instead there is a simulated bass effect, produced by inferior speakers. These may produce a good deal of thumping in the mid-bass region (peaked response around 150-250 cycles), but very little below 100 cycles. This, in turn, has a negative kind of fortuity. Response below 100 cycles would likely reveal the rumble of a poor turntable mechanism. Further, not bothering about deep, full bass means that relatively puny output transformers may be used in the amplifier—and so on throughout.

In the case of the monophonic Queen Anne predecessor, just what *is the buyer* buying? Does he know that for little more, or even the same amount, he can get components that are much better and come closer to providing him with the means for enjoying music via stereo techniques? One quick look, for example, behind the slick façade of the console is all that it takes to reveal a good deal about cost: transformers not much bigger than the types used in cheap table-model radios or TV sets; loudspeakers whose proportions and construction suggest the kind of stock item you can pick up cheaply at the bargain counter of a parts jobber.

The bass response in such a system is not the only drawback. The high end is also "finessed." A cartridge whose response may not match that of the better component types feeds signals into amplifiers with limited tonal response. These, in turn, drive "tweeters" that could not cope with fuller signals and could not reproduce the clean, strong, open tone associated with high fidelity and, indeed, with live music itself. In a way, this leaves the "middle"—and proponents of this sort of equipment love to point out that it is, after all, in the mid-range of frequencies where most musical information is found. At best, this argument is a half-truth. No such restrictions are imposed on music, either by its creators or interpreters. To settle for listening to music with such restrictions is to make of a deeply human experience a tedious constraint rather than a joyful adventure. The bass does lend solidity and heft to the entire range. The high overtones are essential to the perception of the midrange tones that generated them in the first place. Thus, if for no other reason than the full perception of the midrange, it is essential to provide uncompromised response from top to bottom.

These are basic facts in audio and acoustics, and stereo has not done away with them. The use of two channels brings any sound more into the open, but can we hear what is not there to begin with? The success of the stereo technique is proportionate to the quality of the channels that comprise it. Distortion and limited response are no more acceptable to the astute listener on two channels than on one. In fact, stereo can be so revealing of the sound it conveys that, before long, any compromise in the system will be painfully apparent. Then, such a system—regardless of its initial attractiveness in terms of price or "ease of operation"—may become dissatisfying.

There is yet another source of probable annoyance, unique to the



stereo package. Some, though not all, use a new type of circuit in which both channels of sound are fed through the same set of tubes, instead of the separate sets normally utilized. This trick does save space in the console and does reduce the cost of making it. It is accomplished by a so-called "sum-and-difference" method of handling signals. The initial signal itself must be specially prepared, and the cartridge used in such a player is not quite the same in its operation as the "double-45" cartridges developed for playing stereo discs. The output can then be furnished from a "transformer-and-half" instead of the normal two transformers.

Although such a system can furnish stereo of sorts (at least its channel separation appears adequate), its basic acoustic quality cannot go unchallenged. For one thing, its power-handling ability has been estimated at only one-half that generally available in less compromised designs. And even at that reduced power level, it poses the question of excessive distortion. Beyond these matters, such a player is inherently limited in what it can do for the user. Suppose, for example, the owner wanted at some future date to upgrade it by getting a better pickup. Or suppose he wanted to play stereo tapes, run on a normal stereo tape deck—or, what will likely prove soon to be a wider source of stereo for many people, stereo broadcasts received on tuners. None of these possible additional program sources would emerge from this "sum-and-difference" player as stereo, unless electrical modifications were made in it. The thing as it stands and is being sold thus has very limited application; consequently, the apparent savings provided could prove an illusion when expansion of the basic system is contemplated.

There is no doubt, however, that the pre-wired, pre-assembled cabinet system holds attractions for many. If stereo has awakened thousands to the rewards of listening to music via improved techniques, it has also revealed that many of them have no *desire to join the "do-it-yourself"* club. Thus there is a very real need for efficient packaged units which will combine convenience with quality. In some quarters, this dual problem is being tackled. For one thing, components are being designed to be more attractive and easier to use. And, a study of recent examples reveals that closer attention is being paid to the instructions furnished for installing and using components. For another, the console convenience can be applied decently—by the components manufacturers themselves, singly or in suitable groups. The idea of a tastefully styled console made up of quality parts is not new; Ampex, Fisher, and Pilot have produced such items in the past. More recently, Stromberg-Carlson has shown a stereo console in which no compromise and no gimmicking is evident. Full-scale speaker systems are built into the cabinet, but they are acoustically isolated from the rest of the equipment, and they do provide the full bass normally expected from separately housed speakers. The "other equipment" consists of the same components that also are sold separately. One model, for example, even includes the highly regarded Stromberg-Carlson turntable; others use the esteemed Garrard changer. The average additional cost (over the actual cost of the components) to the buyer of one of these consoles is $50-75, depending on the cabinet chosen. Here, at least, is an indication of what direction the phono-cum-console can take in scrupulous hands. If, in a word, you must buy package goods, get it from the people who start with the insides and work their way out to the front. Shuck off Queen Anne, and let the Georges do it!

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1320

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Capricious.	81 91 108 146 36 94 140 58 191
B. Rabelais' character who satirized the mania for quarrels and conquests.	68 55 79 116 122 147 13 27 200 5
C. Full of tricks.	72 102 198 60 92 4
D. Dickens' ticket-porter who ran errands in "The Chimes." (full name).	186 69 80 63 65 164 114 169 23 131
E. Make use of basely or illegitimately.	64 7 90 201 20 98 163
F. Capable of being turned on an axis.	197 181 53 35 155 14 75 25 113
G. Ehrlich's chemical explanation of immunity phenomena (2 wds. and comp.).	38 84 137 50 99 127 178 170 105 74 46 157 54 21 190
H. Surpassed in target practice, etc.	106 43 93 32 143 196 167
I. Peculiarly delicious; slightly deranged (slang).	182 159 19 142 125
J. Prophet who rebuked David for the murder of Uriah.	26 100 187 109 174 61
K. Said of a wind instrument which sounds an overtone of the pitch intended.	42 28 82 130 153 161 111 134 97
L. Fatigue "cap" worn by some British regiments.	59 77 166 145 180 132
M. Founder of the great Italian family of Sforza, 1369-1424.	24 123 152 128 177 195 165 57 133
N. What Browning said "is yet to be" (2 wds.).	179 184 9 124 39 120 12
O. What a terrorizing racketeer "gives" a victim (2 wds.; slang).	192 66 6 150 107 44 162 85 89 34 71
P. Date of the Louisiana Purchase (2 wds.).	47 17 175 110 8 139 144 78 3 88 95 189 70
Q. The cold sense.	83 156 117 138 96 18 172 49
R. Printers' slang written on the final sheet of copy, indicating the end.	148 16 176 40 1 154
S. What Isaiah said was to be made straight in the desert.	168 41 86 188 112 160 76
T. Qualifying word for the state of Wyoming.	67 158 151 193 30 129 183 48
U. Just about the earliest glamour gal of recorded history.	10 37 141 136 171 15 31 87 119
V. Heed.	62 33 45 115 73 11 22 2 121
W. Amer. actor, born in Scotland, late 19th cent., esp. Shakespearean roles.	173 185 194 126 51 101 135
X. Feature of the visual equipment of crabs and lobsters.	29 103 104 149 118 199 56 52

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

					1 R	2 V		3 P	4 C	5 B		6 O	7 E	8 P	9 N	10 U	11 V							
	12 N	13 B	14 F	15 U		16 R	17 P	18 Q	19 I	20 E	21 G	22 V	23 D	24 M	25 F		26 J							
27 B	28 K	29 X	30 T	31 U	32 H	33 V	34 O		35 F	36 A	37 U		38 G	39 N	40 R	41 S	42 K							
43 H	44 O		45 V	46 G	47 P	48 T		49 Q	50 G	51 W	52 X		53 F	54 G		55 B	56 X							
57 M	58 A	59 L	60 C	61 J	62 V	63 D	64 E		65 D	66 O	67 T		68 B	69 D	70 P	71 O	72 C							
73 V	74 G		75 F	76 S		77 L	78 P	79 B	80 D	81 A	82 K	83 Q	84 G	85 O	86 S		87 U							
88 P	89 O		90 E	91 A	92 C	93 H		94 A	95 P	96 Q	97 K	98 E	99 G	100 J	101 W	102 C	103 X							
	104 X	105 G	106 H	107 O	108 A	109 J		110 P	111 K	112 S	113 F	114 D	115 V	116 B		117 Q	118 X							
	119 U	120 N		121 V	122 B	123 M		124 N	125 I		126 W	127 G	128 M	129 T	130 K		131 D							
132 L	133 M	134 K	135 W	136 U	137 G	138 Q	139 P		140 A	141 U		142 I	143 H	144 P		145 L	146 A							
147 B	148 R	149 X		150 O	151 T	152 M		153 K	154 R		155 F	156 Q	157 G		158 T	159 I	160 S							
161 K	162 O	163 E	164 D		165 M	166 L		167 H	168 S	169 D	170 G	171 U		172 Q	173 W	174 J	175 P							
176 R	177 M	178 G	179 N	180 L	181 F	182 I		183 T	184 N	185 W	186 D		187 J	188 S	189 P	190 G								
191 A	192 O	193 T	194 W	195 M		196 H	197 F		198 C	199 X	200 B	201 E												

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

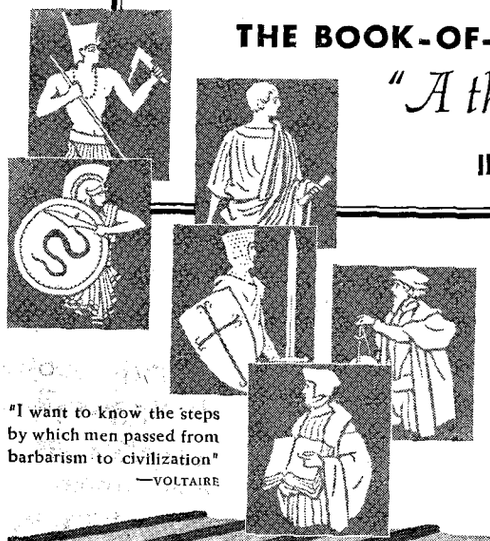
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT

*"A thrilling panorama of human history"**

IN A SHORT TRIAL MEMBERSHIP [SEE BELOW]

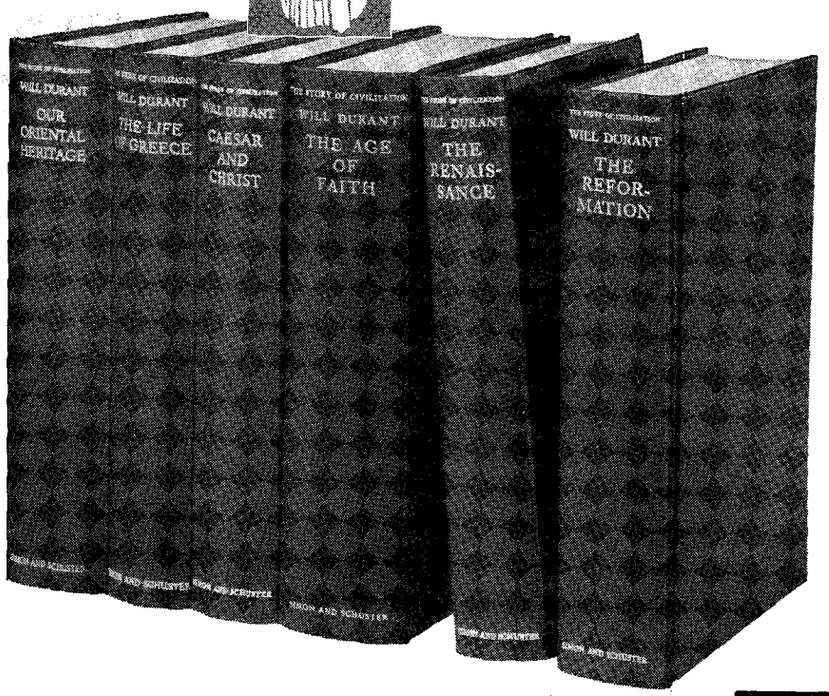
*CLIFTON FADIMAN



"I want to know the steps by which men passed from barbarism to civilization"
—VOLTAIRE

THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION

BY Will Durant



SIX VOLUMES
[RETAIL PRICE $60]
FOR ONLY $6

...if you agree in this Trial Membership to buy six books from the Club during the next year from at least 200 to be made available

VOL. I: *Our Oriental Heritage*
The civilizations of ancient Egypt—and of India, China and Japan from the beginning to our own day.

VOL. II: *The Life of Greece*
A history of Greek government, industry, philosophy, art, from the earliest times through the brilliant climax of 5th-century Athens to the Roman conquest.

VOL. III: *Caesar and Christ*
The rise of Rome from a crossroads town to the center of the world, ending with the collision of pagan and Christian morality and the collapse of classic civilization.

VOL. IV: *The Age of Faith*
Medieval civilization from Constantine down to Dante.

VOL. V: *The Renaissance*
A history of Italy's Golden Age beginning with the birth of Petrarch and ending with the death of Titian.

VOL. VI: *The Reformation*
Europe's world-shaking religious conflicts, beginning two centuries before Luther and ending with Calvin.

THIS SHORT *trial membership* will demonstrate, first of all, the Club's unique Book-Dividend system, through which members regularly receive valuable library volumes—either completely without charge or at a small fraction of their price—**simply by buying books they would buy anyway.**

✶ **The six-volume set** will be sent with the first book you purchase. The five other books can be chosen from at least 200 Selections and Alternates that will be made available during the next year.

✶ **You will also find that** you will pay—on the average—20% less for these books than you would otherwise.

✶ **If you continue** after this six-book trial membership, with every second Club choice you buy you will receive, without charge, a valuable Book-Dividend averaging around $6 in retail value.

✶ **More important than the saving, this sensible system will keep you from missing the books you intend to read.**

✶ **Why immediate action is advisable:** *A single edition of this* Durant set has been printed as part of the Club's usual summer promotional effort—enough to meet the expected demand. If the supply is exhausted, there will be an unavoidable delay in fulfilling orders—at least four months, since it takes that long to print and bind an edition of such a large set. If your order is received after the present edition is all spoken for, you will be notified and may then either cancel your membership *or defer it until a new edition can be printed.*

BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO BY BORIS PASTERNAK
—or with any other book listed below

- ☐ **DOCTOR ZHIVAGO** by Boris Pasternak *Price (to members only) $4.50*
- ☐ **EXODUS** by Leon Uris *$4.50*
- ☐ **THE UGLY AMERICAN** by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick *$3.95*
- ☐ **ENDURANCE: Shackelton's Incredible Voyage** by Alfred Lansing *Price (to members only) $4.25*
- ☐ **ONLY IN AMERICA** by Harry Golden *$4.00*
- ☐ **THE COMING OF THE NEW DEAL** by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. *Price (to members only) $4.75*
- ☐ **THE ODYSSEY: A Modern Sequel** by Nikos Kazantzakis *Price (to members only) $6.95*
- ☐ **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK TWAIN** Edited by Charles Neider *Price (to members only) $4.95*
- ☐ **WHAT WE MUST KNOW ABOUT COMMUNISM** by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet *$3.95*
- ☐ **ELIZABETH THE GREAT** by Elizabeth Jenkins *Price (to members only) $3.95*
- ☐ **THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY** by John Kenneth Galbraith *$5.00*
- ☐ **AKU-AKU** by Thor Heyerdahl *Price (to members only) $4.95*
- ☐ **THE MOST OF S. J. PERELMAN** by S. J. Perelman *Price (to members only) $4.95*
- ☐ **THE KING MUST DIE** by Mary Renault *Price (to members only) $3.95*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A257A
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club† and send THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION in six volumes, billing me $6.00 (plus postage). At the same time please send me the book checked at left, billing me at the price indicated. I agree to purchase at least five additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. Thereafter I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six Club choices. After my sixth purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend† with every second Selection—or Alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing.)

PLEASE NOTE: A Double Selection—or a set of books offered at a special combined price—is counted as a *single* book in reckoning Book-Dividend credit, and in fulfilling the membership obligation.

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss } .....
(Please print plainly)

Address.....

City.....Zone.....

State.....

Books for Canadian members are usually priced slightly higher, are shipped from Toronto *duty free*, and may be paid for in either U.S. or Canadian currency.

†*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED